

# The American Girl

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

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# The AMERICAN GIRL

Effective June 1, 1922

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4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items enumerated in No. 3.

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## HELP SAVE THE WILD FLOWERS

HAVE you ever noticed how few wild flowers there are in the woods close to the towns and villages? Have you ever asked yourself, why it is necessary to go to the more distant woods to find the choicest blooms? This is not an accident. There is a reason for it.

Everyone loves the wild flowers. Many of us go to the woods every Saturday, as soon as the first warm days of spring are here. We watch the little plants as they begin to waken from their winter sleep. We vie with one another in seeing who can find the first hepatica or spring beauty.

There is a feeling of real happiness, as we behold the spring beauties, making the field pink with their flowers. And our first trillium! How our hearts and our feet leap with joy as we spy it in the distant woods.

But what do we do? We rush in and pick—arbutus, spring beauties, hepaticas, blood root, violets, anything that is in bloom! Some of us pick huge bunches, and not satisfied, we dig up the plants by the root, wrap them up in our handkerchief, to take home with us. As we wander deeper into the woods, we find more and prettier flowers. Again we pick. Soon we have more than we can carry. We begin to throw away a part of those first picked thus to make room for the fresh ones.

At home we are surprised and disappointed. The flowers no longer look fresh and beautiful. Most of them are withered. They have lost the charm that impelled us to pluck them. Many will not revive and those that do are bruised and will last only a day or two. We set the plants out, but they too are disappointing. They are not as pretty as in the woods. We wonder why.

If the truth were told, what we really enjoyed, was the finding of the flowers in their native haunts—the seeing of the last year's reddish leaves of the hepatica, peeping out from under the dead foliage, with the pink, blue, and white blossoms turning their heads skyward.

Should we ever pick flowers? Certainly, we may pick them but we should exercise judgment. We should be careful not to pick all the flowers we find. Let us leave some for the flower-lovers who come after us. But more important than that, we should leave plenty for seed. If we take all, next year there will be no seedling plants and some day we may find the woods flowerless. The plants should not be taken up by the roots for in that way, we remove not only the parent plant, but also the seed-bearers for the coming year. In picking the blossoms great care should be exercised not to pull the plant up by the root.

If some one were to come to us today and tell us, that unless the ruthless picking of flowers ceased, there would be no wild flowers in our woods next year, we would desist at once, but because the extinction is gradual, we do not seem to realize that the result is the same.

What more glorious heritage could we as Girl Scouts wish, than, to feel that we had saved from destruction, ever so few of these souls of Nature.

INEZ M. HARING.

## GOOD NEWS FOR BIRD LOVERS!

An extract from a letter received from Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, is given below. We believe that all Scouts will be interested to take advantage of this unusual opportunity.

"We will be able to enroll members of certain organizations as Associate (non-Voting) Members; the fee for which will be \$1.00 annually. We should be glad to have as many of the young women enroll as may be interested and as their fees are received we shall attempt to provide them with helpful literature on the subject of bird study."

## ATTENTION!

### NEW YORK STATE SCOUTS

Girl Scouts in New York State and neighboring districts will get a great deal of valuable information out of stopping at their Public Library after a hike to the woods and looking over a wonderful new book called Wild Flowers of New York.

The book is illustrated with 264 colored photographs of the flowers, taken as they were growing. It makes identification of the plants found on the hikes very easy and interesting.

This book is in every public library in New York State.

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## A College Commencement Story

# CAST FOR THE PIPER

By Willis K. Jones

Illustrated by Thelma Gooch

THE announcements of tryouts for the Cap and Bell Dramatic Club threw Pomeroy Cottage into commotion. Practically all the freshmen there were seized with keenest desires to represent Natick College in the commencement play. It was quickly noised about that most of the seniors considered themselves too busy to take part, and that left more openings for the first year girls. Then, too, the play had twenty-four characters which encouraged them to come out.

"It's THE PIPER that they're giving," Flo Knight told the girls. "I heard that the coach couldn't choose between that and 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'"

"Well, I'm glad she took it," Lovey exclaimed. "Oh, it's wonderful! All about the Pied Piper of Hamelin who charmed all the children away from the city because the people wouldn't pay him for taking the rats away. I saw it given once in the open air and it was lovely."

"This is to be open air, too," was Margaret Hammon's contribution. As usual, the Bunch was congregated before Study hour in the room of the Hammon Twins. "They put seats down on the hillside out back of the gym. I saw a picture of last year's play out there."

"And are you going out for a part, Twinnie?" asked Glenn Brigden.

"You bet I am." The rest of the girls, too, expressed their determination to become actresses.

When tryouts came toward the end of the week, many times the number of girls needed for the case thronged the assembly room. Miss Kenyon, brought from Boston to direct the play, looked aghast at the crowd. "Why, this is a regular mass meeting!" she exclaimed. The only thing she could do was to divide the aspirants into groups and try them out that way in one of the side rooms. She told all of them to look on the bulletin board in the morning for the results of the elimination.

It happened that when the divisions were made for reading the parts, the Hammon Twins were separated. Gladys went in with the first group and was assigned the part of Peter the Cobbler, one of the old citizens of

Hamelin. She was extremely nervous and when the girls were dismissed, started out with the idea that she had made a miserable failure.

Before she reached the door, Miss Kenyon came after her and caught her arm. "Walk back across the floor," she ordered. Then, "That will be all right. Now wait and read again with the next lot."

When the next score of girls came in, she handed Gladys a book and told her to try the part of the Piper, the leading character. By this time Gladys had lost some of her timidity and felt that she had made a more creditable showing.

Margaret, on the other hand, was entirely discouraged with the result of her attempt. "I didn't get a chance for more than a couple of lines," she mourned "and the director didn't look at me once or even listen to me. Guess I'm no actress."

So sure was she of her failure that she would not believe the girls who came to her the next morning with the announcement that her name was on the list of those to report that evening. She, Gladys, and Lovey survived of the Bunch, and they, with Helen Jordan and one other freshman were the only representatives of Pomeroy Cottage.

They talked all day about the play, wondering which characters would suit them. Then when the first assignment was made, Gladys was told to read the Piper's part.

After a time she was stopped and Helen Jordan was told to continue in her place. Then, to her overwhelming amazement, Margaret was next called upon to read it. As soon as she had recovered from her amazement, she threw herself into the character and read to the best of her ability. Several other girls made attempts at the Piper, as well as the other roles, the thirteen men of the village, the six women and the five children.

It was about ten o'clock before Miss Kenyon dismissed them, explaining something of the difficulty she encountered in selecting the cast, and advising all of them to watch the bulletin board for the names of those whom she wanted to see the following night, Saturday.

Again the Hammon Twins and Lovey survived the cut. Two members of the English department and Miss Wood were present as spectators. It at once developed that among the Hammon Twins and Helen Jordan lay the chief part. They were kept after Miss Kenyon had finished with the others. Then the coach made them walk up and down, pretend to play on the pipe and skip across the floor. Finally each of them read several long speeches from the play. This done, they were told that the final choice would be postponed until after the trials on Monday.

Margaret had gone as far as the stairs when she suddenly remembered that she had left her Spanish book in the room, having taken it there to study while she was waiting. Telling Gladys to wait, she ran back after it.

There was still a light in the room. Just as she raised her hand to open the door, she heard the voice of Miss Kenyon. "... But I certainly don't know what to do about the Piper. It's hard enough to decide anyway between those two girls, but since you say they are twins, that makes it more difficult. Gladys has the better voice, though it was the way she walked that first called my attention to her. Margaret would make up better as a boy, and she seems surer of herself. I guess the only way to do, to prevent trouble between sisters, will be to cast Miss Jordan as the Piper and give it to neither of them."

"But either of them, you say, would do it better than Helen," Miss Wood remarked.

Margaret made a noise outside and came in. "I left my Spanish book here," she hastened to explain, wondering whether her red cheeks would betray the fact that she had been eavesdropping. When she had recovered the book and with her sister was walking toward Pomeroy Cottage, she was very thoughtful and serious. She had a big problem before her.

During the whole of Sunday it occupied her mind to the exclusion of everything else. Several times Gladys, seeing her day dreaming, inquired

whether she was sick, but Margaret stoutly asserted that she was perfectly well.

It was not until Monday that she made up her mind what she ought to do. It meant a big sacrifice. Yet it was apparently the only thing to do if her sister was to have the part.

She took nobody into her confidence. After supper she used the telephone a few moments, then she hunted up Lovey, asking her to take Gladys and go over, since she expected to be busy for a short time and did not want to make them late. After that, she went back to her room and with a sober face attacked the next day's history lesson.

It was two hours before Gladys came in. "Where were you?" she demanded, even before she threw off her coat. "I was coming after you but Miss Kenyon kept me busy almost all the time. Helen didn't get much chance at the Piper."

"I told Miss Kenyon that I wasn't coming over because I couldn't be in the play."

Gladys looked at her sister. "You did? What for? Oh, I know. To give me a better chance. But that won't work. Then I'll resign, too,

and tell her you're much better than I am."

"That don't do me any good. You'll just be giving Helen Jordan the part. No I'll tell you what to do. You learn that part, if you get it, and I'll help you all I can. You see I'll be busy anyway this spring with track. Since basket ball is over, you are free. You keep up our reputation in dramatics."

She would hear of no other way. When next day the final cast was announced her scheme had worked. Gladys Hammon's name was opposite the Piper. She had won the principal role. Of course there was much talk around Natick College because a freshman was given the star part, but apparently Miss Kenyon paid no attention to it. She only started rehearsals and made the girls begin learning their lines.

Gladys almost lived in her copy of the play. It was in her mind all the time. Once at table when her neighbor, trying to be pompous said, "I do not know," Gladys startled them all by turning fiercely. "Do you take me for the Devil?" which was the speech in the third act called for by that cue.

And Margaret was just as much interested in the play and in Gladys's acting. Every evening when lessons were studied, she would hold the manuscript, giving Gladys her cue. Indeed soon she knew the play almost as well as did her

sister. Occasionally she would attend the rehearsals, sitting in the back of the room and watching the efficient way the director whipped the players into form.

When those other evenings came and Gladys went off alone to practice, Margaret often found it very hard to get her mind on her books and fight off the twinges of jealousy which would come in spite of her efforts. It seemed as if Gladys had the best things always. She had been freshman basketball captain, while Margaret, in spite of the hard work she put in at running practice, was afraid she could not even make the track team. And here was Gladys with the chief part in the commencement play which would be given before hundreds of visitors. But Margaret resolutely put those jealous thoughts away, and did her best to see that her sister was freed from all worry and given chance to fit herself for her part.

Then came examination week with its terror, and finally, work, over, the girls prepared to start for their homes. Of the freshmen, only those with a share in the commencement exercises and those who were guests of seniors were allowed to remain at Natick. The others had to leave and give up their rooms to the returning alumnae and visitors. But Margaret, by special arrangement was permitted to stay with her sister.

By now the out of door stage was ready. Amid the shrubbery of the back-ground several scenery houses had been erected, and the cast was holding long practices for the performance on Wednesday.

After the dress rehearsal on Monday evening, Miss Kenyon announced herself satisfied with the work of the actresses and suggested a rest over the next day so that none would go stale. The Hammon Twins took advantage of the holiday, in spite of the threatening weather, to go canoeing. Far up the river they went and in an out-of-the way place decided to bathe. Soon they were splashing in the water and enjoying a delightful time.

All the time, however, the sky grew darker, until warned by the heavy clouds, they decided to start for college. They paddled as hard as they could, but were still a long way from Natick when the tremendous storm burst. The wind whipped up the waves so that they were afraid to stay on the water. The only thing to do was to leave the canoe on the shore and strike overland for college,



She would hold the manuscript, giving Gladys her cue

By this time it was very dark. They had no idea where they were or of the direction to go. Under the driving rain and guided by the incessant flashes, they plodded their way across fields, wading through swamps and climbing fences. Dirty and tired they finally reached a road and discovered their whereabouts. By that time it was after midnight, but wearily they trudged on, reaching Pomeroy Cottage a little after one.

The hot water had been used up, so they bathed as well as they could and, worn out, they crawled shivering into bed.

It was nearly ten o'clock the next morning when Gladys awoke with a headache and a tender throat. Her voice, as she tried to speak to her sister, was a hoarse whisper. The sound brought the other twin out of bed in an instant and sent both of them hurrying to the college physician as soon as they were dressed.

After one glance into the inflamed throat, Dr. John shook his head. "Laryngitis, I'm afraid. You better go to bed."

"Bed?" Gladys gasped in a raucous whisper. "Impossible! Why, I'm in the play tonight."

"Well, we might paint it and try bezoin inhalations. Perhaps you'll be better by then, but you'll not be able to talk much."

"But, Doctor John," Margaret protested, "She's the leading character."

"Not with that larynx. She couldn't be heard beyond the first row of the auditorium. Her words will be smothered in there."

"But the play isn't in the auditorium. It's out of doors."

"Worse and worse. No night air on that throat or you'll be liable to all kinds of trouble, young lady."

"But what can we do?" Margaret demanded.

"You'll have to postpone the play or find a substitute to play her part."

"That's it!" croaked Gladys. "You take it, Midge. You know the part as well as I do. You'll have to do it. Nobody need know there's anything wrong. Then after the play I'll tell Miss Kenyon."

Margaret shook her head decidedly. "You'll have to take the part. If they postpone it a day, she can be in it tomorrow, can't she, Doctor John?"

The college physician looked doubtful. "Perhaps she'll be able to do something in a day or two, but laryngitis doesn't go away so easily. It may take from three to five days to clear it up."

"No, Midge. This might be an awkward predicament, but you can

fix it. Come on, we'll see Miss Kenyon and tell her."

The dramatic coach was dubious when she heard the news. She realized that it was at best a makeshift, and she doubted the ability of Margaret to go on at the last moment. Rather than give up the play, however, or postpone it indefinitely, she finally agreed to risk it, but insisted on calling an extra rehearsal that afternoon.

Then, struck by a sudden idea, Gladys suggested that they say nothing to the rest of the cast for fear they would lose confidence, and Miss Kenyon agreed that it might be best.

Margaret got through the rehearsal some way, although she could see by Miss Kenyon's expression that she was not altogether pleased with the result. The other actresses, worried over their own parts and over the approaching performance, did not seem to notice the substitute. After rehearsal the Hammon Twin went to her room and pored over the lines, scarcely pausing for a bite of supper. There she stayed until time for the play. The sight of the disappointment in Gladys' face, as Margaret put on the Piper's costume, weakened her determination but Gladys threw her arms around her sister and wished her lots of success as she left.

The soft balmy night air of June hung over Natick campus when the orchestra began the overture and the curtain was drawn aside on the first act. The citizens of Hamelin had gathered in the market place to see the miracle play. Amid the comic by-play of the townfolk Margaret got ready for her first entrance. She felt rather sleepy. Her hands were trembling, and she realized how nervous she was. Yet, when all cried, "The Piper!" she stepped out, removed the animal head that had masked her, and said her opening speech.

"Three days of rest, your worship, you have had.

The rats are gone, even to the nethermost tail."

It was for the honor of the Hammon Twins. She had to live up to their reputation for "fixing things."

And now strangely enough, she felt no nervousness. As she had so often watched her sister do, she carried on her part, dropping more and more into her role as the play progressed and she gained confidence. The lines came when she wanted them. Not more than once or twice did she falter, and then some other player picked up the speech and carried on the action.

At the end of the first act when she had piped the children away from the village, Miss Kenyon was waiting for her in the wings and congratulated her, but Margaret knew that the hardest scenes were still before her, the sad parts, the dramatic parts. Yet somehow she was not afraid. She had, by her generosity given up her opportunity to act, and then, by mere fortune had been given another chance. It was for her to make the most of it.

And so the play went on, scene by scene, while the responsive audience, now in laughter, now in a hush near to tears, followed the story. Finally, with a last glance at the children who had been restored to their mothers and fathers, the Piper bade them farewell.

"Goodbye—There's so much piping left to do—

I must be off and pipe."

The curtains came together and the play was over. Before the orchestra played a note, the coach rushed onto the stage and hugged Margaret. "Fine!" she cried. "Oh, it was fine! You did it beautifully."

Before she knew it, the girls at the curtains, in response to the clapping of the spectators, drew the curtains aside. They realized how much Miss Kenyon had contributed to the success of the play and wanted to give the audience a chance to see the coach. But until the stage was fully visible again, the director knew nothing about it. Then she turned to see the spectators.

"It is only fair to let you in on a secret," she announced to the crowd of people outside. "We had to make one change in the program, one that not even the cast knows about. Instead of Miss Gladys Hammon in the part of Piper, I was compelled at the last moment because of illness to substitute her sister, Miss Margaret Hammon. With only one rehearsal she went in to fill the chief place in the play, and has succeeded to the extent which you witnessed this evening. Her college, and especially her classmates, ought to be proud of her."

There was a fresh round of applause. And as the curtains closed again and the blushing Hammon Twin tried to hide herself in her embarrassment, from the few freshman who had stayed to Commencement and who were in the audience came the same yell with which they had honored her sister when she had captained the winning basketball team.

"She's all right! . . . Who's all right?" Then, in a crescendo roar, "Margaret Hammon's all right!"

THE END



## ATTENTION! PLAY!

## A Girl Scout Story

By Dorothy Stark Smyth

Illustrated by William Schnelle

"MOTH—ER! Mother," sang out Louise as she danced up the stairs, two steps at a time. "Mother, what do you know, we're going to have a real drum and bugle corps, like the one I saw at the rally in Staunton, twenty bugles and all—and I'm going to try for drum major!"

Mrs. Lawrence laid her sewing down in her lap and gazed at her daughter. Louise had perched on the broad cretonne arm of a wing chair and was swinging her feet to and fro as she talked. "We voted for it this afternoon. We want to organize and practice hard so as to be ready for a Girl Scout concert at the town hall in June. Miss Fullerton says we can do it. Most of the girls can get bugles or drums. Only three in both troops want to try out for major. I'd love it, think Mother, it would give you such a thrilly feeling and—"

"Who are the other aspirants?" interrupted Mrs. Lawrence who knew of old Louise's power of narrative.

"Oh, Caroline Way. She says she'd never be any good at bugling, but she'd sort of like to swing a stick around. Then there's Joan Burnham, the girl who moved here last fall. Her grandfather was a drum major once. She's heard him tell about it and she'd like to be one. Miss Fullerton said all three of us might try out, then in a month she'd appoint some judges to choose the best one. The other girls are going to start bugle lessons right off."

"Joan Burnham—, is she the girl who lives over in that little white gabled house on Maple Street?"

"Yes, she joined Troop B about three weeks ago. I don't know her very well. She hasn't attended school regularly on account of her little lame sister. When she does come she always hurries home—to help, I suppose. But the girls like her, even if she is quiet and hard to get acquainted with."

Just then the front door slammed, announcing the arrival of Louise's father. The whole story was again retold with much enthusiastic detail, and this time with dramatic illustration.

"Look, Dad. Can't you just picture me!" Louise cried gaily as she

changed her quick natural motions to a severe military bearing and strode firmly to the center of the room. She swung around on her heels. "At—tention!" with a flourish she brandished a pencil baton. "Bugles play!" the command shot forth sharply. Slender, graceful as a young tree, the girl stood there. Anyone would excuse the pride which shone forth from the eyes of her father and mother.

"Daddy," she begged, seating herself on his knee, "do you remember that friend of yours, Mr. Hutchins, who was drum major in that parade we saw last year in Staunton? Don't you suppose I could go to town and take lessons from him? Just a few, two or three, to get the theory and technique of conducting."

It was soon settled. Within the next hour a telephone call to the city, ten miles away, had reached Major Hutchins. Louise was to begin her lessons in three days' time.

Throughout the town, at school and Scout meetings, excitement ran high. In two days bugles and drums had been purchased. Henceforth, all afternoon and evening weird sounds issued from all parts of the town. There came sharp, brassy bursts and blasts, and halting, irregular drum beats which made the townspeople shrug their shoulders and explain, "That's the Girl Scouts. A bugle and drum corps in the making! May it be soon made!"

Louise's first lesson with Major Hutchins was full of interest. As a Spanish War veteran, and a member of the Sons of Veterans' organization he had served efficiently in the capacity of drum major at the city's celebrations for the past quarter century. He was most able to instruct in the skill of such leadership. The first lesson was for the greater part given over to instruction in the manner of handling the baton, the muscles brought into play in the use of it, and the proper carriage and posture of the body. At first the Major was inclined to treat the whole affair as a sort of joke—this slip of a girl wanting to become a drum major! He was woefully ignorant of Scout matters. But as Louise's seriousness of purpose impressed itself on him his whole opinion changed until he too became as in-

terested as she. After the lesson she lingered, telling him of the Girl Scouts, and especially of her troop, its work and its aim.

At recess the next day Louise learned that Caroline Way had dropped out of the competition and had already bought a drum. "I want to learn to drum," Carrie explained. "It'll be much more fun. Besides, this summer I'm going to take lessons on 'traps' so as to play with Tom and Jack. We're planning an orchestra." Carrie's brother Tom played the piano in movie style and her cousin Jack was no mean fiddler.

"That'll leave only Joan for you to work against," Caroline added, "and she hasn't a show. All the girls say you'll get it. Joan's a good kid, but she hasn't the pep that you've got. Anyway, Mary Downs said she heard Miss Fullerton say that you'd probably be the drum major."

Louise's heart thrilled at the words although they gave her somehow an uncomfortable, mean feeling of gossip. The better girl for the place would win—but not without real work and practice. It would not be honor for natural ability alone, although Louise felt that that would enter into the contest. At any rate, whoever won, it would not be too late for the other to become a bugler or drummer, for by the time the drum major was chosen, instruction in the bugling and the drumming ranks would be only begun. Then there would be constant practice until the exhibition in June.

The next few weeks were busy ones for Louise. Term examinations nearly swamped her. Louise had to work to maintain her Honor Roll standard for the shining college goal ahead. Immediately after school each day she hastened home for a fifteen minute practice of the movements and twists that Major Hutchins had taught her. Then after supper, when her father had ended his first attack on the evening paper she repeated the performance for his benefit, with her mother supplying all drum and bugle effects on the piano. In the music cabinet Louise had found a book of war songs, and every night after that passers by the Lawrence house heard through the closed windows the stirring notes of



some war march or bugle song. Dad whistled an accompaniment and at times even forgot himself and sang, "You can't get 'em up, You can't get 'em up, You can't get 'em up, in the morning!"

As Louise stood there, wielding the baton with sure, steady strokes to the call of Assembly or Taps, there appeared ever before her eyes the picture of a tall, slim figure in a similar attitude before a great audience, or marching through black lines of people. Sometimes in her ears sounded a host of drums and bugles all responding to her commands. Oh—she would work, she would practice hard to become drum major of Troops A and B.

Not once during the weeks of practice did Louise see Joan. Each was following a different course in school so they did not meet in classes. Only once did she hear of her—and this time also from Caroline who often met her on the way to and from school. Joan had confided that she was entering the contest only to please her grandfather, and her little lame sister. She realized she was playing a losing game against Louise and her professional lessons. For a second Louise was sorry for Joan. It didn't seem quite fair, and yet—why wasn't it? The contest was open to anyone. It could not be a one-sided victory, for they were both really working for the honor.

On the day of the try-out Louise took her baton to school to be in readiness to start to the city for her last lesson. The Scouts, much interested in the gay stick with its military appearance, clamored for an exhibition. So after school, Louise rehearsed her "act." The small group gazed at her, in their eyes deep awe and respect for things military. They applauded vigorously. Louise was a favorite among them.

Unknown to them all Miss Fullerton, Scout Captain of Troop A, had observed the whole performance from a side corridor. She took notice of Louise's fine carriage, her confident commands, and in her heart burned pride for the bugle and drum corps which was to be.

Louise returned from the city about 4 o'clock. She had just settled down to an algebra problem for the next day when her mother called, "Louise dear, if you're not too busy, run over to Mrs. Willowby's for that one-piece dress pattern. I want to start on your new gingham to-night. Cut cross-lots through the Vaughn estate. It's much quicker."

Glad of any excuse to postpone a



"Do it again, Joan," said the little girl

detested algebra problem, Louise pulled on her heavy white sweater with its blue letter, hard won in basketball, and started out the back door. "Please have supper early, mother," she called back. "You know it's my big night to-night."

Across the street she went and onto the path running through the vacant field opposite. All outdoors was flooded with the warm red glow of the late afternoon sun. The short grass in the path showed green. The breeze sang of spring. Spring sang in Louise's heart. "Tonight! Tonight!" the words re-echoed to the tune of bugle notes. The call of the frogs in the field swamp was blended into a drum corps accompaniment. Along the path she marched, behind her a fairy corps of buglers, all alike inspired by the realization of a new spring, new life, and the joy of being alive and full of action. she was a born leader.

She crossed another street, and continued through the back gate of the Vaughn estate and along the shadow of a high hedge which separated the estate from the back yards of the houses on the next street. The Vaughn estate had been vacant for so long that no one paid attention to the "Private Property" sign. Here her day dream ended. She stopped in the middle of an upward stroke of an imaginary baton. Through the hedge she saw the form of a girl in a wheel chair, a little girl in a bright red sweater. "Hurry, Joan," the child cried to someone within the house.

That must be Joan's little lame

sister, thought Louise. She was a sweet little thing. It must be hard for her to stay at home so much. She ought to go for rides—ah—the Scouts. She would suggest it at the next meeting. Several of the girls might get the use of a machine for an afternoon. At least they might call on her and take her books and games. Later they could go and play for her. Play!—with Louise as Leader! A queer, questioning feeling interrupted her philanthropic state of mind. She hurried on.

As quickly as possible she did her mother's errand and turned back. Something seemed to draw her back to Joan's yard. There was the sound of voices. Entirely unconscious of eavesdropping she peeped through the hedge, trying to keep herself unseen. Joan was standing in front of her sister. On a garden bench nearby sat their old veteran grandfather.

"Do it again, Joan," said the little girl in the chair. "I think you ought to—just once. I'll sing." She started to hum Yankee Doodle. Joan stood at attention. With the handle of a croquet mallet for a baton she directed an imaginary bugle corps. The grandfather also stood at attention, going through the movements with Joan, and suggesting here and there. Louise stood tense, almost rigid. Joan's movements were crude, a little clumsy, yet her face was radiant, intent. With her superior professional knowledge Louise could judge fairly Joan's performance. She realized it would compare in no wise

(Continued on page 37)

## THE JOHN GILPIN TWINS

By Rebecca Traill Hodges

Illustrated by Joseph Franke

IT was a hot afternoon in late June and the quiet little village basked in the heat. The leaves on the big elm trees that shaded the streets, were motionless and even the vine-covered porches were deserted, for their owners were still inside the cool dark recesses of their homes.

Dr. Howe came chug-chugging down the road in his rattling battered car and stopped in front of one of the white-painted, green-shuttered houses. Taking his bag with him he went up the flag stone walk to the house. He was a busy, over-worked man for he had the health of the entire community and surrounding country-side on his stooped shoulders.

Peering neighbors watching behind protecting curtains nodded their heads and announced to each other, "Poor Miss Peters must be having another ill turn. There goes Doctor Howe. I suppose he will be in their quite a spell."

But neighbors were not the only ones to discover the doctor's whereabouts and speculate on the length of his visit. For down the same roadway idled his twin sons—Frank and Arthur.

They were looking "for something to do." There had been a shower earlier in the day and they skipped pebbles lazily across the puddles as they sauntered along. It was dreadfully dull. Every thing they wanted to do had been promptly repulsed by their Aunt Delia.

"No, indeed, boys," she had told them emphatically at dinner. "I never in the world would let you go swimming in the river. Your father isn't here and your mother is away at your grandmother's and I intend to turn you over to her safe and sound in body and limb when she returns."

"Aw, Aunt Delia," they begged, "come on, be a good sport! Mother won't care. She'd let us go."

"I said, no, boys, and that is enough. When your mother is here she can do as she sees fit—but I put my foot down and that's the end." She pursed up her lips and looked sternly at them over her spectacles.

So with groans and sighs they had gone outside. There the tall tree by

the shed invited them enticingly and they conceived the brilliant idea of climbing to the end of one of the limbs and then, swinging back and forth, suddenly to drop off to the shed roof. It was a delightful sensation, they knew from past experience—so they instantly suited the thought to the deed.

The motion of the swaying branches was exhilarating and their swim disappointment was forgotten, when "tap-tap-tap" came Aunt Delia's thimble on the window pane and emphatic shakes of the head showed her complete disapproval. Then she motioned decidedly with her hands for them to come down—so with defiant mutterings and imprecations they went slowly and unhappily out of the yard and down the street.

Suddenly they saw their father stop his car in front of the Peter's house and go inside.

"Frank," Arthur seized his brother by the arm and hissed impressively, "I have an idea."

"It won't do any good if you have," Frank responded, gloomily. "What use is it to have ideas if Aunt Delia knocks 'em all in the head!"

"Well, she doesn't need to know a thing about this. It will be great."

"All right," Frank's tone was still pessimistic. "Out with it."

"See Dad's car? He's in there at old lady Peters. I bet she's having another spell and he will be in there for an hour or so. You know he always is when she calls him."

"What of it? I don't see where we come in," Frank retorted.

"Listen then, you old wet-blanket" Arthur jibed. "Let's take the old car for a run ourselves. Dad will never mind, I know. We'll ride around a bit and then be back inside of an hour and leave it all ready for him."

"Gee! some scheme!" Frank's face lighted up. "You don't suppose he'd mind?"

"Aw, no. You know how Dad is, you know he doesn't believe in being too hard on us boys. I heard him telling Aunt Delia that last night after supper when she was jumping on us for getting rugs wet in the living room when we accidentally turned the hose in through the window."

"Yep, that's so," Frank admitted. "All right, then, come on."

In spite of their assurance and courage they looked carefully at the Peter's cottage and then up and down the street. So they crossed over boldly and got into the car. Not a soul was in sight.

"I'll drive first, Frank, and then you can have your turn," Arthur announced, taking his seat at the wheel.

He pushed the starter and the car moved, gradually picking up speed as he shifted the gears.

"Say, boy, this is the life!" he grinned, triumphantly, and waved a patronizing hand to a group of his envious friends on the corner.

"I bet Bill and the other boys wish they were us!" Frank exulted.

"You've said something," Arthur agreed. "Come on, let's run over to Pemberton—it's only five miles and it's cool and shady, too. I guess we can make it. Isn't this breeze great?"

"All right, then," Frank said. "You can drive over and then let me drive back. Make her speedy, boy!"

"We'd better not go too fast, though," Arthur cautioned. "We wouldn't want anything to happen—Dad wouldn't like it."

Everything went splendidly. The little machine responded to every touch and the swift run through the cool, wooded road was both exhilarating and calming. Both boys felt once more that life was worth living and not just a dull, drab, commonplace existence.

At Pemberton they stopped at a drugstore and nonchalantly disposed of two ice cream sodas apiece. Then they examined the gasoline tank and the oil can—everything seemed all right there.

A group of admiring boys watched every move closely, but in a studied and aloof manner they ignored the onlookers and conversed solely with each other.

"Well, my boy," Frank addressed his brother grandeloquently, "it's about time we got the old boat started again. Don't you think so?"

"Right you are," was Arthur's

grave response. "Don't forget we have to keep that appointment."

Frank climbed into the driver's seat with Arthur at his side. As the door slammed shut it rang resoundingly with a hollow, unsubstantial and tiny sound.

"Huh! It's only a Tin Lizzie. They're not so much!" One of the Pemberton idlers sneered.

"Yah, but that's more than you've got!" Arthur leaned out to answer derisively. "I'd hate to live in this old town anyway."

"Just plain jealous!" Frank added.

They left Pemberton behind and turned again toward the home stretch.

"Let's not go back the same way, Arthur," Frank proposed. "We can go down the road and take the other way that comes in by the hills."

"Sure, that's fine," Arthur agreed.

They turned down the next cross roads at the right and leaving the woods behind them followed the winding way that bordered the high pasture lands. The delicious tangy odors of pine and the pungency of the sun-kissed meadows and uplands filled their nostrils.

"Say, Frank, stop a minute. Let's get some of those flowers for Mother. She comes home tomorrow and we'll have a fine surprise for her."

Arthur pointed to clumps of wild roses and graceful, nodding columbine hiding in the fence corners.

"And there's a lot of sweet fern, too," Frank added, stopping the car.

They filled the tonneau with heaps of greenery and brilliant blossoms, then they climbed in again.

"Mother will love 'em, I know she will. I hope they won't fade," Arthur said, doubtfully.

"Well, look at the time, will you!" Frank started in surprised dismay. "We'll have to hit it up if we expect to get back in time for Dad."

"Whew!" Arthur whistled as his eye followed Frank's. "I'll say we will."

The automobile leaped forward and flew over the ground. The woods and upland pastures receded rapidly from view and the little village nestling at the foot of the hills appeared in the distance. One long steep incline and then at the bottom—home.

"We'll make it now, all right," Frank breathed, thankfully. "I hope Dad hasn't left Peters yet."

"I don't believe he has. But be careful, Frank, this is a pretty steep grade," Arthur warned, as they reached the abrupt slope and slide down over the crest.

Frank braced his feet on the brakes and shut off the power and the automobile started cautiously down the hill. But to his consternation and in spite of every effort it gradually speeded up and went faster and faster. The mud left from the morning's rain was churned into pellets which liberally bespattered both car and boys.

"What are you doing, Frank?" Arthur cried in dismay as the swiftly moving machine rocked from side to side and bounded into the air over the hummocks and thank-you-marms.

"Gosh! I don't know what's the matter," Frank gasped, clutching the wheel for dear life and stepping with all his force on the brakes in front of him. "I can't stop it."

"You'd better let me drive," Arthur yelled in his ear.

"No, don't you dare touch it!" Frank screamed back at him. "We'll sure smash up if we try to change now."

"What will we do if we meet anyone?" Arthur shouted, grabbing the sides of the car frantically.

"Keep still!" Frank answered, wildly. "Don't even think of such a thing."

Down the hill, with ever increasing momentum, rocked and careened the doctor's car, while two white faced boys crouched on the front seat. Every bolt and screw groaned and rattled as the four wheels hit the ground and then leaped into the air.

As they reached the foot and struck the long level stretch of the valley both boys uttered sighs of relief. Frank gave the steering wheel a quick jerk to escape a deep gully in the road but the front wheels had already struck it and as the car swerved in response to his touch something snapped and the wheel turned round and round uselessly in his hands.

"Golly!" He turned a pale and ashen face to Arthur, "The steering rod's busted."

"Whee!" Arthur's white lips stiffly formed the words. "Can't you stop her!"

"I can't do a thing, Arthur," Frank cried. "The car's going so blooming fast that if it strikes anything it will be good night all right for us—not to mention the machine."

"Here's hope she keeps on going straight then," he answered, with a worried eye on the road ahead. "If I see anyone coming, I'll yell at them to get out of the way."



A howling excited mob followed closely behind the shouting boys



"All right," Frank shouted, still clutching the useless wheel.

The car seemed possessed of a wild demon. It still flew along with unbelievable speed following the ruts on one side of the road and then, leaping madly in the air, jumped without an instant's warning to the other.

Far ahead the boys spied a horse and buggy driven by a calico gowned and sunbonneted farmer's wife.

"Oh, look what's coming," groaned Frank in consternation.

Grabbing the side of the fast traveling car with one hand, Arthur rose to his feet and yelling like a maniac, waved his cap in his hand motioning her frantically to give them room.

"Runaway car. Runaway car," he screamed.

The placid old horse ambling slowly along stopped short in his tracks on seeing the apparition and then with a snort swiftly sidestepped and yanked the buggy and the horror stricken woman up the side of the steep bank, leaving the road clear for the runaways.

As they flew by Arthur saw the wild eyed horse carvoting on his hind legs while his driver alternately jerked the reins and slapped them up and down on his back. The last fleeting glimpse was of a rejuvenated plodder doing his best to climb the telegraph pole.

"I bet he used to be a circus horse," was Arthur's fascinated comment.

Along at the left on the outskirts of the village stood the large and imposing house of the postmaster. A driveway went in from the road on one side and encircling the house came out farther on. No sooner did the speeding monster strike those beaten tracks than it unexpectedly veered off and tore madly up the driveway.

Unwittingly one of the boys in the excitement had kicked the switch on and the engine was in full operation—but the broken steering gear still remained inert.

The postmaster's family was calmly playing croquet on the lawn when the wild car went hippety-hip up the driveway and around the house, with its occupants shouting and whooping. For a second it seemed as though it would leave its course and career after the players who screamed wildly and scattered in every direction calling down curse on the heads of "those two pesky Howe boys."

Alarmed though they were, the sight of the fugitives flinging aside their croquet mallets is desperation

convulsed the boys and by the time they were back on the village street they were limp with laughter.

A number of the ladies returning from a sewing circle meeting, stiff and proper and dignified, were abruptly startled into shrill cries and rapid scattering by the approach of the speeding demon—a cross between a miniature tank and an ungovernable aeroplane manned by howling dervishes. Skirts were lifted high above scudding shoe tops as their shrieking owners fled for safety.

Men ran out in front of them waving their arms frantically up and down, but as the unruly monster bore down on them with its horn honking incessantly, they beat a swift and disorderly retreat back to doorways or any other available place of safety.

"They must think it is a horse that they can stop by yelling, whoa!" Arthur howled with laughter.

"I wish the thing would stop but it's awfully funny," Frank cried.

With uncanny intelligence the car would leap up on to the sidewalk bearing down upon a panic stricken group and then abruptly dash off on to the street again.

In front of the fire engine house stood the carpenter's horse used in the little village for work and conflagrations. At present he was hitched to the lumber wagon but when he heard the clatter, and the jiggling honking demon flew by the thought a fire was in progress and started fiercely down the street in the wake of the machine.

Some good guardian angel was working overtime that afternoon, but just as gasping onlookers shuddered and waited for what seemed an inevitable collision with a fence or tree, its crazy intelligence swerved it over in the opposite direction.

Doctor Howe walked out of the Peters' door just as the cavalcade came in sight. A howling excited mob followed closely behind the shouting boys in the runaway car and the snorting, galloping fire horse attached to the bumping lumber wagon.

Heads were thrust out of doors and windows and the original John Gilpin himself had no more wild a ride or more curious and apprehensive an audience than had the twelve year old Howe twins.

"What in the world!" cried the doctor, in amazement and terror.

Then quickly realizing what had happened to the mechanism he rushed to the sidewalk and as the car approached, made a megaphone of his hands and shouted to the boys: "Turn

off your juice, boys. Shut off the power."

With a startled glance Arthur turned the switch again and soon the machine like a weary runner slackened its speed and then promptly lurched upon the sidewalk. It bumped into the opposite wall and lurched over on its side.

The boys shot as from a catapult into the prickly hedge back of the wall rolling over and over on the grass. They heard the noise of the chase behind them. The pursuing hordes parted, one branch continuing its course after the horse and wagon and the other, led by the wild eyed doctor, broke through the hedge.

"Are you hurt boys?" Dr. Howe asked anxiously, feeling them over with quick, skilled touch.

"No, Dad," Frank assured him tenderly rubbing a bump on his head. "Just scared stiff."

Arthur patted his scratched hands and face gingerly with his grimy handkerchief.

"We're sorry about your car, Dad." He told his father as he looked around at the wide eyed speculative group. "We just took it out for a little ride and the steering stuff broke and we couldn't control it and the old thing got away from us."

Dr. Howe sighed as he and the boys crawled back through the hedge and ruefully surveyed the overturned car.

"Lucky for the boys, Doc, that the old machine didn't do the flip before it did," called the carpenter.

"I don't know just what I ought to do to you boys," their father confessed as they walked home bearing what remained of the floral offerings for their mother's home coming. "You know you shouldn't have taken the car. But I suppose I should be—and am—so thankful to have you safe and sound that I'll just scold you when you both deserve a sound thrashing."

Frank and Arthur eyed him with startled alarm and then simultaneously gave him a warm impulsive hug.

"You don't want to be too hard on the boys," Frank said slyly.

"Especially," chimed in Arthur, "when they are awfully sorry and will never do it again."

"I think I'll turn you over to Aunt Delia," Doctor Howe announced suddenly.

"Oh, no, dad," begged the boys, "we'd lots rather take chances with you."

Their father smiled. "I'm with you, boys. But I'll hold you to your promise—don't forget."

THE END



# HOW LESLIE WON HER MEDAL

By Elizabeth Heywood Wyman

Illustrated by Marjorie Flack

**L**ESLIE MASON was fighting bravely to keep back the tears as she kissed her father good-bye in her section in the western train.

"Be a good scout, daughter," he said, as he clasped her tightly, "and remember that it won't be long before you will be old enough to come back and take care of me."

"I will, daddy. You'll see how hard I'll work."

The conductor shouted, "All aboard," her father gave her one final hug and the train moved slowly out of the station. Leslie looked down at the Scout pin on her middie blouse, shut her teeth hard, and to prove that she was going to be as brave as she had promised, smiled up at the Pullman conductor in whose charge her father had put her.

The first part of the journey was the hardest as they sped over the prairie country. The plains were so wide and made her feel so small and lonely. All the time she was getting further and further away from her father who she knew wanted her badly in spite of the cheerful face he wore in her presence. And her mother! Dear mother had died only a month ago. Before she went, she had called Leslie to her and after a long talk filled with a mother's tenderness had explained that she wanted her to go to her Aunt Lucy in California till she had finished school.

Now she was on her way. Her fellow passengers, finding that she was alone, quickly made it their business to see that she was entertained. The time passed faster than she would have believed possible. At last, as the train stopped at a water tank and she stepped down from the platform to get a breath of the exhilarating air, she saw something that made her heart almost stop beating, and she gave an involuntary "Oh" of rapture as for the first time in her life she caught a glimpse of a snow-capped mountain. The thrill of it stayed with her till she reached Denver and was met by an old friend of her father's. In the additional excitement of being taken to lunch in the newest and largest hotel she almost forgot her homesickness, so that when she was put on the train to continue her journey she was keen in anticipation of her trip through

the mountains. Even the rain that began to fall in torrents soon after they left the city could not quite dim her enthusiasm.

In an interval after the taking of the tickets, the conductor, this time an elderly man with snow white hair, sat down beside her.

"I've been railroading through this country for thirty years," he said, smiling at Leslie's excitement over sage brush or rocks, prairie dogs or ponies—any thing that was strange to her Eastern eyes.

"No," he went on, "you can't tell me anything about it. There isn't a spot in these mountains and along these rivers that I don't know."

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Did you ever take a long journey alone? If you have you can sympathize with Leslie when she finds herself on the way to California—in the midst of a—  
(That's what you must find out by reading this exciting story!).

---

"Oh," said Leslie eagerly, "you must know some exciting stories. Tell me one, won't you, please?"

The old conductor thought a minute, his gaze absently fixed upon the barren and desolate country through which they were passing. Just then the train rumbled over a trestle and Leslie saw a cascade of tumbling yellow water plunging down from the hillside and rushing under the tracks.

"You wouldn't believe, I suppose, that all summer long until these recent rains that watercourse has been as dry as the Desert of Sahara, now would you?"

"It doesn't look as if it ever could be dry," said Leslie. "Do you really mean that there is no water in it at all?"

"Not a drop," said the conductor. "Come to think of it, these freshets do put me in mind of a story."

"I'm so glad," said Leslie eagerly. "Tell me!"

"It was some distance on," said the conductor, "beyond the gorge. There was a section house down close to the bank of the river. You know the men who look after the certain section of the tracks live in houses that are scattered along the railroad. There's one now," and he pointed out a little white house cud-to

dled up in one corner of a small plot of ground enclosed by a white fence. There was a tiny garden at one side, and a neat bed of bright colored flowers in front.

"Oh, how cunning!" exclaimed Leslie.

"Yes, Jim Doan's wife likes to keep her place looking nice," said the conductor. "Next time I see her I'll tell her you liked it. But to go on, this particular house was like any of the rest of them except that it had in it three of the finest children you ever saw. Red heads all of them. There were two little boys and an older girl. Let me see. Peggy must have been about fourteen then, and the way she took care of those boys were a wonder. You see their mother wasn't living and she looked after the whole family and the house too. Great little housekeeper she was! All the engineers along the line knew Peggy and her two brothers and whistled as they passed. It was lonely for the youngsters out there all day while their dad was busy somewhere along the line, and the passing trains were company for them.

"The day I was speaking of was along in August, about this time of year. It hadn't rained a drop for two weeks and we old stagers knew it was getting ready for something. Along about four o'clock it began to get black in the west, and we hadn't gone many miles before the clouds just seemed to upset all they had in them. Looked like it was going to wash everything away. Before we had reached Peggy's house we were crawling along foot by foot. The river had risen and in places the banks were so low that the water had reached the tracks. The engineer stopped the train because he was afraid that he might run into a section of track under the water that had been completely washed out.

"I was looking toward Peggy's house and the river, when suddenly I saw a red blanket waving from an upper window and a hand pointing toward the rear of the train. I guessed what was the matter. A cloudburst in the mountains had hit a spot that was drained by the arroyo we had just passed over. An arroyo is one of those dry water courses. I raced toward the rear of the train to get out the passengers in the last



Through the long hours of the night she held her

Pullmans and was relieved to feel the train crawling on slowly. The engineer had seen the signal and understood as well as I what it meant.

"I cleared the last two coaches and when the train stopped again because the water was rising too high for the engineer to dare to go any farther the forward passenger coaches were well out of the path of the torrent that was due to sweep down from the hills.

"Then it struck! The whole train shook. There was a wrench and we saw the last two coaches toppled over and swept in the current straight toward the section house. We all held our breath. There was the house directly in the path of the torrent and with the swollen river behind it.

"Not fifty feet from it the cars stranded—just why I never knew—and formed a triangle with the house in the center of the wedge. The current of water was divided, flowing in two streams on each side of the cars, and the house was safe. If you believe it, in ten minutes the stream had gone down into its ordinary course and in another fifteen the sun was out hot. We were stranded, for it turned out that the track was gone at intervals for upwards of ten miles, and it was two days before trains were moving at all. Passengers were all right for there was enough food in the diner to last a while and we easily got supplies from the nearest town.

"As soon as it was possible we got down to the house and Peggy, brave as a lion, she'd been from all accounts, scared enough inside, I'll bet, but never letting the boys know, and worrying for fear the train would come to harm. She had seen the wall of water miles up on the hill and thought of nothing but warning us and saving the train.

"You just better believe we thought a lot of Peggy after that. It happened that some influential people were on the train and they influenced the officials of the road to transfer Peggy's father to the springs where Peggy could get the education she should be having. She got the Carnegie medal too."

"Do you ever see her now?" inquired Leslie.

"Haven't seen her for years," the conductor replied. "She went to college in the springs and the family went to California. Seems to me I heard that she was at the head of a girls' school out there somewhere. Margaret Richards is her name. We called her Peggy for short."

"Margaret Richards," repeated Leslie excitedly. "Do you suppose—why, I believe maybe it is! Miss Richards is the head of the school that I am going to in Los Angeles. She's a very great friend of my aunt and I remember Aunt Lou's telling mother about her beautiful red hair."

"Shouldn't be surprised," said the conductor rising, "and if you're going to school to Peggy Richards you're in luck—that's all I've got to say."

A sudden gust of rain pelted the windows and the conductor whistled softly as he looked out.

"It's pretty bad and no mistake. We may have to lie up for a while, but don't be frightened. We've never had any real trouble in all my thirty-six years. That scrape I was telling you about was the worst I've had. I'll be back soon," and he left her with a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

Leslie was so lost in her dreams of the Miss Margaret she had already heard so much of that she paid little attention to the storm outside nor to the slackening speed of the train.

All of a sudden as the darkness fell

she noticed that the train was no longer moving and that there was a curious rippling sound outside of the windows. She looked out. There was nothing to be seen but water, and the few passengers in the car were standing up and looking through the windows uneasily. One old gentleman was tramping up and down talking to himself.

"They have no business running us into this. I'll report it to the District Superintendent. They'll see," and he glared down at Leslie.

"All alone," he exclaimed. "Pretty place for a little girl to be alone!"

"But I'm not afraid," said Leslie valiantly, though she was beginning to wish that she was home with her father.

The door opened and the conductor came in with the rain dripping from his cap and uniform. The passengers crowded about him with inquiries as to where they were and what the trouble was.

"We've almost reached the station," he said, "but the river is so high that the place is flooded. We'll have to stay here till it goes down a bit, but we're all right."

As he spoke there was a sudden shock and they were all thrown off their feet as the car slowly toppled over. The lights went out and Leslie felt a firm hand on her arm. A crash of glass and the conductor said to her, "Quick, climb through that window and up on the roof and fasten yourself with your belt if you can."

The dazed Leslie felt strong arms lifting her up toward the dim spot that proved to be a window. Her training stood her in good stead as she instinctively and quickly obeyed the command and climbed with the agility of practice through the aper-

(Continued on page 32)

## A STORY OF 1776

*The Time:* May, 1776.

*The Place:* A room in a quaint little house, on a quaint little street, in Philadelphia, Pa.

*The Characters:* Mistress Betsy Ross; her mother; Gen. George Washington.

"Betsy, he's coming in here! He's coming right to this door. Oh, Betsy, do you suppose we've done something wrong?" The speaker, a tall, thin, motherly looking woman of about fifty, turned from the window where she had been watching an excited group further down the street.

"I know of nothing, Mistress Mother," the daughter answered. "Do you go answer the door," she added as a loud knock was heard.

"Betsy, don't forget your manners." With this characteristic remark the mother vanished from the room.

As soon as her mother left the room, Betsy bundled her sewing into her apron, hurried to the tiny oval mirror hanging on the wall, gave one or two pats to her hair, hurried back to her chair, and was placidly sewing when her mother ushered in the idol of the Colonies—General George Washington.

Again the sewing was dropped, this time on the floor, as Betsy made the deepest and stateliest courtesy ever seen. The general responded with an equally wonderful bow.

"Mistress Ross, I have work for you, a work that shall make you famous."

"It is an honor as well as a pleasure to serve you, Your Excellency," returned Betsy, remembering her manners and courtesying again.

General Washington smiled, and went on. "It has become necessary,

now that we are no longer a part of the mother country, to have a flag of our own, whereby people may know us. A committee composed of Robert Morris, Colonel Ross, your own husband's uncle, and myself, have decided on this design," taking from his pocket a drawing and handing it to Betsy.

While she studied the sketch, the general took in every detail of the shabby little room from the faded, threadbare rugs and scratched and broken chairs, to the spotlessly white and often mended window curtains; not excepting the plump, pretty little woman sitting opposite him.

"What think you of it?" he asked as Betsy returned the sketch to him.

"I think it will be the most beautiful flag that ever led an army on to victory, but, do you not think it would be better to have the stars five pointed instead of six?"

After a short discussion the five-pointed star was decided upon, and soon the illustrious caller left, leaving two very excited and proud women.

"What did he want, Betsy?" Betsy's mother wanted to know.

"I must make him a flag to be finished tomorrow at this time. Do you sew on Mistress Cuttin's wedding gown while I make the flag."

And so was the great work begun. All that afternoon and night, Betsy sewed and sewed, scarcely taking time to eat. Not until the clock in the church tower struck twelve did she lay down her task. The next morning, when the rooster hopped to the fence to wake the neighborhood as was his custom, he found Betsy sewing scraps of red, and white and blue cloth together. The rooster hung his head in shame, hopped off the fence, and walked sadly back to

the barnyard. He was no longer needed. He had failed in his mission, for the giants called men, were already up and working. That is the reason why so many housewives overslept one morning in May, 1776.

When the General called again that afternoon, a most wonderful creation was spread out on the spotlessly clean floor. General Washington stopped short in the doorway and gazed in astonishment, for the reality was far more beautiful than he had dreamed.

The flag was oblong in shape, with thirteen stripes alternating red and white, for the thirteen colonies, and in one corner a field of blue with a circle of thirteen stars.

The precious flag was carefully wrapped up and the General took it away with him. On June 14th, 1776, it became officially known as the flag of the United States of America.

Nearly one hundred and fifty years have passed since General Washington disturbed the peace and equanimity of Betsy Ross's home, and in those years the flag has been changed several times. At one time, they started to add a new star and a new stripe for every state that was added to the Union, but the disadvantage of this practice was soon evident. Think of a flag with forty-eight stripes!

In the War of 1812, the flag that inspired Francis Key to write the "Star-Spangled Banner" had fifteen stars and an equal number of stripes. Then someone suggested adding just a star for every new state and leaving the original thirteen stripes. Thus came into being the flag we now have.

JEAN LE ROY,  
Bloomfield, N. J.

## KENTON, OHIO

This winter we have had classes in both sewing and cooking in the cooking laboratory and sewing room of the High School which were conducted by the Domestic Art teacher. Here the scouts were given the use of all the cooking equipment and sewing facilities of the school free, which we appreciated very much.

We have also made several improvements in our Club rooms. We decided we wanted to make our rooms cozy and more inviting. We inquired of members of the troop for old chairs, stands and lounges, etc. As a result, we secured several chairs, a lovely leather lounge and a stand.

We stained and varnished the furniture until it is really very good-looking. One patrol bought pretty draperies for the windows and an-



other a lamp for the table. Instead of exchanging Christmas gifts, we had a kitchen shower and now have all kinds of lovely pans, a skillet, can-opener, cake turner, dish scraper, dish mop, strainer, quart measuring cup, dipper, soap rack, tea towels, and six hand towels; 12 knives, forks and spoons—six table spoons all to match—twelve plates, cups, saucers, and sauce dishes, last, but not least, a perfectly lovely electric grill. The patrols may use these for their parties and at times when scouts drop in after school to enjoy an hour or so making fudge and having a taffy pull.

E. H. SECY.





# THE PRACTICAL SCOUT— INDOORS AND OUT

*Edited by Eliza Morgan Swift*

*Commissioner of Colorado Springs*



## Pay As You Go!

Pay as you go, girls, and don't ask Mother or Father to make sacrifices for you when with a little ingenuity and pep you can earn the money for your camp expenses or troop outings for yourselves. There have been several helpful suggestions along these lines already published in THE AMERICAN GIRL but many a troop treasury is still empty and many a Scout is just waking up to the fact that, though there will be a splendid Scout camp held nearby this Summer, if she is to be one of the lucky ones there she has got to find the means herself.

Here is the way the Colorado Springs Organization made it easy for their Scouts to earn money during the vacation. They organized a Vacation Service Bureau at Scout Headquarters and by much talking and postal cards sent to a selected list of patrons, they advertised the fact that many of the Scouts were anxious to undertake any domestic or out door jobs not beyond their strength and ability. All employers made their applications through the bureau and each was carefully investigated before a Scout was recommended for the place. This matter of the personal knowledge and supervision on the part of the director of the kind of employer and employment is of course the most important part of the scheme and where it is not possible a bureau should not be started. But even without a bureau, Scouts, you can, through your friends and neighbors, find an opportunity to earn money in many of the ways that these Scouts did and so here is a list of their undertakings.

Taking care of children.

Dish washing.

Getting suppers.

Waiting on table.

Helping with house cleaning.

Helping with house moving.

Working in a greenhouse.

Cutting small lawns.

Weeding Gardens.

Watering Lawns and Gardens regularly.

Digging dandelions.



## Washing automobiles

Taking blind girl to and from music lessons.

During the summer my family moved from one house to another in the same neighborhood and we secured the services of several Scouts to supplement the moving men with their van. With the Scouts' help we were saved all the inconvenience of careful packing. They took the clothes out of the closets, folded them in sheets and after taking them to our new home in an automobile they hung them up immediately in the rooms where they belonged. The contents of bureau drawers, linen chests and kitchen shelves were placed in clothes baskets or boxes and immediately transferred to their proper positions in the new establishment. It was all done safely and easily and the only drawback to this wonderful proceedings was the fact that the Scouts had been so expeditious that we found ourselves entirely moved a day sooner than we had expected. Our experience has made me feel that there should be a moving patrol in every neighborhood. Why not organize and advertise for such jobs?

## Outdoor Problem No. I

Some Scouts, I feel sure they were very young Scouts, were preparing their camp grounds and they had a new flag pole which they had cut and painted and were now to put in place. Some were digging the hole, two others were screwing in the pulley at the pole's top, another had run for the rope that they were planning to use. They were in a great hurry for they hoped to have it already as a surprise for their Captain on her return from a day in town. "Hole's finished," sang out the digging party. "We're ready then," answered the carpenters. Eight husky little backs bent to their task. Sixteen stout little arms bore the pole swiftly along. Plump! It slid into the hole. Spades flashed, dirt flew, and everybody stamped on the loose earth until the pole stood straight and solid in its place. At this moment appeared the Scout with the piece of rope. Eight happy faces depicted instant consternation. Eight pairs of eyes looked hopelessly upward and hopelessly down again. "Why didn't you

wait?" said number nine. "Never thought of the old rope," said the others. "I'll climb it," volunteered Scout Resourceful. "Fine!" shouted the crowd. "But wait a minute," interposed Scout Careful. "It isn't going to be easy and besides we don't want to scratch the new paint any more than we can help, so perhaps we had just better be sure that that rope is long enough before you go up with it." So she ran for a pencil and paper and how did she find out?

## Outdoor Problem No. II

If the Girl Scouts at Camp Andree, New York, challenge the Scouts of Camp Vigil, Colorado, and the Scouts of San Francisco to a hundred yard swimming contest at noon on June 20th, at what hour of the day would the San Francisco Scouts and the Camp Vigil Scouts have to start the race to be competing at the same time as the Girls at Camp Andree?

## Answers to Problems

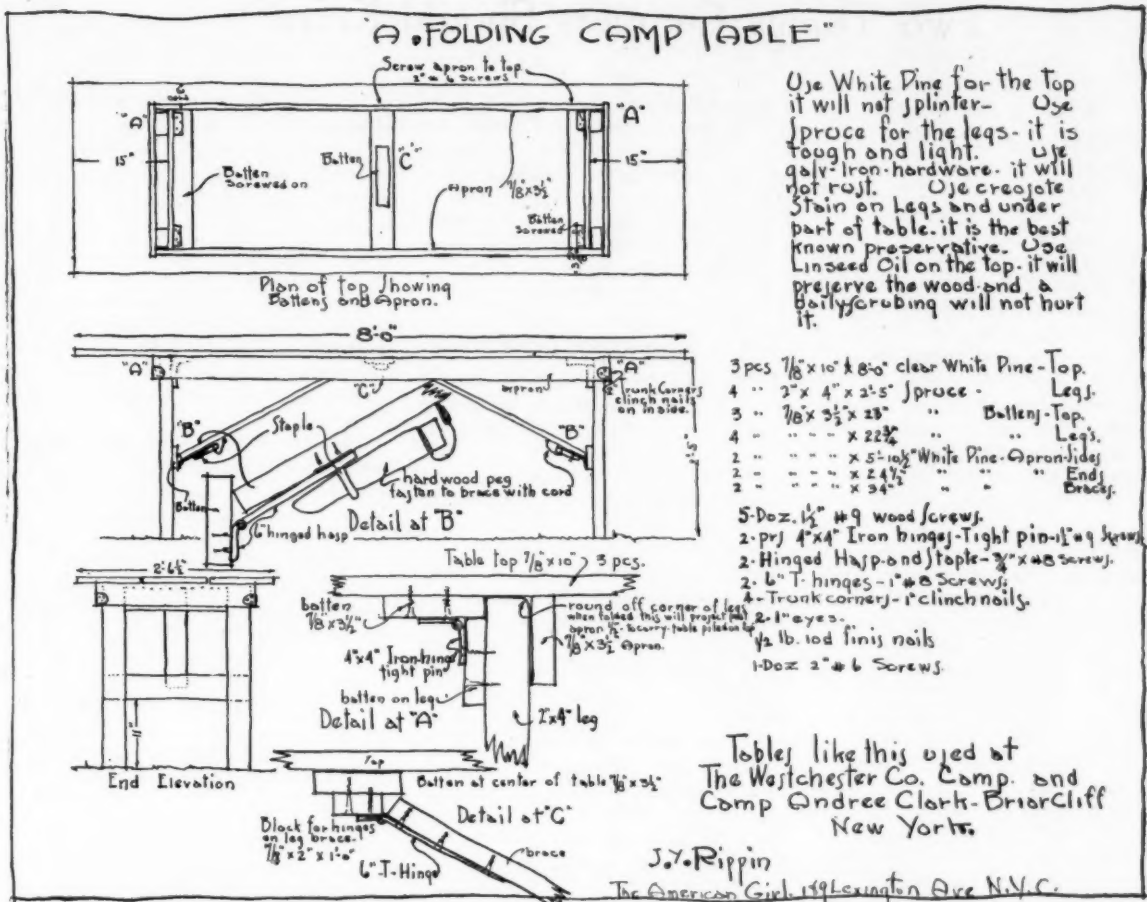
Scout Helen E. Silver, of Albany, Wisconsin, has sent in just the answer I was looking for to Indoor Problem No. 1, published in the April number. She writes: "When one washes dishes one usually has to wipe them also. Rinse washed dishes in very hot water, allow to stand, if a dish-rack is used so much the better, and they soon dry. This saves strength." I would like to add it saves time and soiled dish-towels and germs as well. The most practical way to carry out this suggestion is to stack the dishes in a wire rack to be had at any hardware store, or if not available, place an inverted bowl in the center of an old dish-pan, through the bottom of which you have poked several holes, and stand the dishes around the bowl so that they are at an angle for draining. Pour nearly boiling water from the kettle or pitcher over them in this position.

No Scout has found her way back across the lake yet in Outdoor Problem No. 1. Come

Girls we can't stay in the fog all night! Look up your April AMERICAN GIRL and see if you can't come home with the right answer.







## Simple Plans for a Camp Table

### RICE CAKE WITH CHEESE

Put 2 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pints of water into a kettle and bring to a boil.

Add 1 teaspoonful salt.

Wash and drain 2 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupsful of rice.

When the water is boiling briskly, slip the rice into the kettle. Put it in slowly so that the water does not stop boiling.

Keep at a brisk boil for about 20 minutes. It may be necessary to stir the rice occasionally to keep it from sticking. This should be done with a long handled spoon moved through the rice with a lifting—not a stirring motion.

At the end of 20 minutes, take out a couple of kernels of rice and see if they are soft through. If not, cook 5 minutes longer.

Drain the water off the rice—it should be almost cooked away so that there is little surplus, but any surplus there may be should be taken off. If there is to be any chowder or soup made soon, save this rice water to add to that.

Dice up one pound of American cheese into one-half inch pieces.

As soon as the kettle is taken from the fire and the water drained away, add the cheese and stir in quickly. The heat of the rice will melt the cheese. Stir slowly till the cheese is entirely blended with the rice. Cover and leave till cool.

When cold, mold the rice and cheese mixture into round, flat cakes such as can be shaped in the palm of the hand.

At meal time, put 2 tablespoonsful bacon drippings into a frying pan and fry the cheese cakes, turning so that both sides fry a rich, golden brown. If the cakes are first rolled in flour or cornmeal, they will make a finer crust but this is not necessary, double the amount of fat in the pan if cakes are rolled in meal or flour.

Serve at once. This recipe will serve 8 person generously.

*These recipes and others found on page 35 are reprinted from "The Junior Cook Book" on sale at National Headquarters.*

### SQUAW HASH

Recipe is for 8 persons

Take 1 slice of bacon for each person to be served. (1 big or 2 little slices.)

Cut into several pieces.

Drop into a frying pan and set over coals.

While the bacon is slowly browning, open 2 cans of corn. (Fresh corn on the cob is delicious for this.) Cut the corn from the cob and use 4 heaping cupsful.

If corn was packed wet, drain off juice.

When the bacon bits have browned nicely on both sides, put the corn into the frying pan with the bacon and fat.

Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt. (The bacon is salty, hence the small amount needed.)

Cook for five minutes, then turn with a pancake turner and cook five minutes more.

Serve at once.

This takes only 15 minutes cooking and is very fine. With bread or biscuits and a sweet (chocolate or raisins) it is a complete meal.

## Two Things Campers Should Know

### What to Do if Lost

**EVERY** Girl Scout who loves to ramble through the woods and fields knows how easy it is to lose one's way and how essential it is to know what to do in such a case. It is always the tendency of a lost person to travel in a circle and therefore to prevent that one should learn how to find the direct north.

To carry a small compass is of course the best plan. Even an ordinary needle rubbed on the end of a magnet and carried in a phial is an excellent substitute, for it can be placed on the surface of water to float, thereby pointing to the magnetic north.

Most people now-a-days have an open-faced watch, by means of which one can find the north. Hold the watch horizontally face upwards and place a slender object such as a match vertically at the point of the hour hand. Then turn the watch until the shadow of the match covers the hour hand from point to pivot. With the watch in this position, in the morning, we would count from the point of the hour hand halfway *forward* towards twelve (XII), this point designating the direction of south. Opposite the south is north and to the right of north is east, while to the left is west. In the afternoon, we would count halfway *backward* toward twelve (XII) to get the direction of south.

The reason for counting forward or backward towards twelve is this: The sun rises in the east, is at direct south at noon, and sets in the west; therefore, in the morning we naturally must go forward to get to south, and in the afternoon we must go backward since the sun has passed that mark and is going west.

As for counting halfway forward or backward towards twelve we find this explanation: The sun makes a semi-circle on this side of the earth, taking twelve hours, but half the circumference on a watch dial represents but six hours. Consequently, two hours of sun time is only one of watch time. Thus, at ten o'clock (X) in the morning, south is at the point eleven (XI). At four o'clock (IV) in the afternoon, south is at the point two (II).

It is true that there are days when the sun is not visible because of a cloudy sky. Also, there are times when one is lost at night. Then you can always tell the north by noticing that moss or lichens always grow on

the north side of a tree. On a starry night, we can locate the north star which forms the end of the handle of the Little Dipper. Thus you see, there are always ways in which to find your direction no matter when or where you are lost. The point is to *know* those ways.

A PIONEER SCOUT.

### The Camouflage of Nature

**PROTECTIVE** coloring is one of the wonderful things in nature and it is most beautifully carried out by the mingling of two or more solid colors in broken pattern seemingly without relation to each other or to anything else.

Take for a common example, the Bob White quail. Nearly everyone who has ever seen these birds has noted the smooth brown beauty of the plump little fellows and admired the feather coloring—brown with black bars and dashes seemingly haphazard yet, on closer examination, following a regular pattern.

This color scheme is nature's camouflage and is solely for the protection of the bird and it is so beautifully worked out and matches so well the general surroundings under which the bird lives, that it is able, by crouching and remaining perfectly still, to merge into the background and disappear on what seems to be absolutely open ground—yet all they do is to lie close and remain motionless, trusting to their body coloration to do the rest—and it does it.

The secret of protective coloration is in the broken pattern wherein black mixes with other lighter colors, usually brown or brownish yellow. Man weaves cloth of solid "dead grass color" which matches the color of a blade of dead grass to a nicety, and when he makes a hunting suit of it to be used on the duck marshes, it stands out as plainly as a bonfire in an open street! Why? The man forgot the shadows which are always in broken pattern and always black or blue-black at a distance.

Nature never forgets these black shadows and always she puts them in just right, not too many but always enough and rightly arranged to blend in with the intended surroundings.

The Jaguar has a tawny coat broken with a great number of irregular black rings of broken shape, and this huge cat disappears when he stretches out along a limb and remains motionless in the forest where leaves make a broken pattern of foliage.

The rattlesnakes (and many other snakes) are marked in a diamond pattern with irregular spots inside the diamond and alongside the diamond markings on its sides, the color ranging from dirty gray in the massasagua to bright yellow and black in the "diamond back" of the dry plains, and always the coloring matches and blends with the snake's habitat perfectly.

Several lizards and practically all fish have the power to change their coloring at will and quickly do so to match their surroundings. If you care to see it done take a small fish, a bass, perch, trout or other species, and put him in a bucket of water; paint the inside of the bucket black and put a light-tight cover over it.

Leave the fish for an hour or so thus in the dark, then take him out and drop him in another bucket of water, only this time let the bucket be a bright new tin one and put it where the sun will shine in it if you can.

When you first take the fish from the dark bucket he will be very dark in general coloration and every spot or color mark will be much more vivid than usual (try a trout and note the brilliancy of his colored spots against the dark field).

Immediately he is dropped in the bright tin pail the colors begin to fade and in twenty minutes to half an hour that fish (if he be a small one of say 6 inches or less) will be

(Continued on page 38)





### A WHITE ELEPHANT PARTY

The invitations for this party should be jolly enough to make everyone most eager to come. A rather alluring invitation is given below:

Come now, come now, here's your chance  
There's going to be an elephant dance!

Little thin elephants, long and white,  
Big fat elephants tied up tight,  
Bring yours along, let us watch him prance,  
Bring your white elephant to the elephant dance.

Admittance—one white elephant.

If you have a clever artist in your troop be sure to have the invitations decorated with little white elephants.

Wrap the packages to conceal their contents—either with nice white tissue paper and ribbons, or brown paper and coarse twine.

Decorate the walls of the room with as many pictures of elephants as you can find. As this is the time of year that the circus is on its annual journey you may be able to get pictures from them—then you can trace them on pieces of white paper in many curious postures. At one end of the room have a huge elephant which may be used in the hilarious game of "Jumbo's Tail."

The very first thing of all someone should play a lively march on the piano—everyone should form in a large circle carrying their white elephant with them. Number the circle one, two; one, two; etc., all around. The "ones" march to the right and the "twos" to the left weaving in and out. When a person sees a package coming her way which looks as if she might like, she calls "White Elephant" and the owner must exchange with her. Keep this up for five minutes and then stop the music—so that everyone may examine what has fallen to their lot. If in the exchange, they obtain something they really wish to keep, they should be mere onlookers at the second grand right and left. Three

chances should be allowed to exchange elephants—everyone rewrapping the thing which she does not want so that it cannot be seen for the next exchange.

After the frolicsome dance of the elephants play a quieter game of Elephant Word Contest. Divide the party into groups of ten each. Pass out pieces of elephants. Each guest must wander about until she finds some one who has a piece of her elephant—or a piece which fits hers. When complete the elephants are, of course, like picture puzzles. All are exactly alike—but cut up separately. When these have been formed, pass out slips of paper and pencils one to each group. The slips contain the word "elephant" printed as follows:

E	T
L	N
E	A
P	H
H	P
A	E
N	L
T	E

Each group must fill in the space between with two letters only, making eight words of four letters each.

For instance one group could give these words; east, lean, Etna, pooh, harp, able, nail, tale. The first group to finish receives Number 1 and so on. When all are finished gather the slips. If the words on slip Number 1 are good, that group receives a credit mark. Other slips may be prepared in the same way and the groups instructed to insert three letters each. If a group wins twice, it should receive a prize of a box of animal crackers. Otherwise, two groups winning should draw for the prize.

An elephant perpetual motion race may come next. Anyone may enter who wishes—the only requirement being that she race with both hands and feet touching the floor. The winner of the race must be the slowest one, and should receive a small corked bottle filled with ginger ale and labeled "Pep."

Jumbo's Tail is played in the same fashion as pinning the tail on the donkey, which everyone will enjoy.

The most hilarious game comes next—called "Elephant Walk." Four "green ones" should be selected as elephants while obstacles are strewn around the room—pillows, books, boxes and handkerchiefs. Each elephant is allowed one long look and then blindfolded and told that the one who walked the entire line without stepping on a single article would receive the choicest prize of the evening. Then the four "wise ones" pick up the obstacles noiselessly, leaving the path clear. Everyone will be convulsed watching the high stepping over nothing.

Last of all come the refreshments which Girl Scouts who have won their Cooking Badge will have no difficulty in supplying so we will leave that part of the entertainment in their hands.

*We are indebted to McCall's Magazine for the idea for this party.*

All girls like to give parties and certainly Girl Scouts are no exception. This is proven by the number of requests we receive at Headquarters for entertainment material. We have therefore decided to give every month in *The American Girl* a number of party suggestions. If there is any particular kind of party you wish help with, write to us. On the other hand if you have an original idea for an entertainment, send it in. We will pay \$1.00 for any account of a party or plan for a party considered worthy of publication.



# SCRIBES' CORNER

## SHEBOYGAN, WISC.

We heard of a family of three children whose mother was in the Insane Asylum and whose father was doing the best he could to take care of them—and so Troop 8 decided to carry them baskets of food at Easter. We trimmed three baskets with lavender and yellow crepe paper and filled them with many good things to eat, not forgetting real and candy Easter eggs. The girls made Agnes (aged seven) a pretty gingham dress and bought each of the boys a pretty handkerchief.

We hiked about four miles—getting there early in the morning. The children were speechless with joy and their father thanked us many, many times.

On our way back we called on an invalid friend of ours and surprised her by singing her favorite Easter hymn. She was still in bed and we were the choir invisible. After singing, we entered her room and gave her a real Easter nest.

Later we hurried to get ready for church, as we sing in the choir and were booked for two services.

At the end of the day, we were tired, but we felt that it had been very worth while.

R. F., Capt.

## A BATTLESHIP RALLY

The U. S. S. Charleston was the scene of an impressive ceremony when about 225 Girl Scouts "fell in" for the second Girl Scout Court of Awards service, which has been held in this county, and were presented with the 255 merit badges which had been earned since January by Rear Admiral Guy Harrison Burrage, assisted by Mrs. William Kettner, Girl Scout Commissioner. The formation of troops nearly filled the main



Carrying Easter Cheer, Sheboygan, Wis.

deck, stretching so far away from Admiral Burrage that Lieutenant Nunnally found it convenient to "page" the troops as their names were called.

Admiral Burrages' first formal "very glad to present you congratulations" gradually gave place to more personal comments as "That is a very fine record," "Anything else you can do?" "What, all these, also!" (to a scout with a heavily decorated sleeve); and by the time he reached the 50th handshake he was beginning to watch the interesting looking badges that the girls were wearing and to inquire into their meaning.

An investiture service followed the awards in which about 50 tenderfoot scouts were "pinned" with the girl scout trefoil by Miss Barbara B. McMillan, County Director, and Commissioner Kettner.

The Girl Scout council was represented by Commissioner Kettner, Mrs. W. Harrison Fritts, deputy commissioner, and Mrs. John Boal.

Besides the city scouts present, troops came from Oceanside, Escondido, Lakeside, La Mesa, La Mesa Heights, and National City.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the girls were shown over the ship, and given an opportunity to inspect the anti-air craft guns, to the lively strains of the Charleston's Filipino band, to take a peep at officers' quarters, and to watch "wig-wagging" as it is done by Uncle Sam's sailors.

San Diego Union, April 30.

## A SCOUT HIKE

The fields and woods are calling,  
Their call is wild and free;  
Of rushing water falling,  
Onward, onward to the sea.

Their call is ever sounding,  
As we tramp beside the stream;  
With our eager steps resounding,  
As our troop's bright banners gleam.

PEGGY BOSWORTH,  
Troop 3, Ithaca, N. Y.



All spic and span in the early morning, Middletown, Ohio.



# HOME NEWS

## MEDFORD, MASS.

The girls of Troop 2 have been exceptionally busy this winter in Scouting with the result that there are now four Scouts ready to have the honor of "Golden Eaglet" bestowed upon them. There are also now twenty Second Class Scouts, and a large number of Merit Badges and Tenderfoots.

The troop has also raised the required \$100 for providing a bed in the "Children's Hospital" by giving a very successful food fair, etc. Several different occasions the Captain has taken seven girls in to visit the endowed bed and, of course, the girls have been busy with scrap books, etc., for the amusement of the child.

We have sold enough candy and soap to enable us to spend another week at Dover camping.

We recently contributed over ten pounds of candy to be sold at an opera given for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Altogether this year has been the greatest possible success.

F. K., Scribe.

## JENNINGS, LA.

Cardinal Troop No. 1, Girl Scouts, gave an egg hunt on the lawn of Scout Juanita Kroenke for the Orphans of the Nancy Lee Home on Saturday, April 15th. There are just ten children in the home now, eight boys and two girls. After the orphans had hunted for the eggs, we found one little boy had found sixteen and he was given the prize, a chocolate rabbit. We served them punch and cake and played games until it was time for them to go home.

First Aid Work needs a great deal of practice.



Patrol number three sold pop on the school grounds Rally Day and made eight dollars and forty cents to add to their treasury. Our patrols are trying to see which patrol can make the most money towards buying their uniforms.

Patrol number 2 had a Penny Party on the Christian Church lawn Saturday, April 22nd, to earn money for their patrol. We are planning our camping trip now.

Patrol number three went a mile hike to the bayou on a fishing trip. Miss Ashcraft, one of our teachers, chaperoned them.

L. McC., Capt.

## MANHATTAN, N. Y.

Troop 159 was organized over a year ago and our troop is nearly complete. Most of us expect to be Second Class Scouts shortly though some of us have several Merit Badges already.

We are one of the demonstration troops of the borough and have done ever so many things. We were among those present at the entertainment given for Marshal Foch at

the Armory when he was in the city, and also at the American Legion reception for the Marshal at the Hippodrome.

We've demonstrated meetings for teachers, amateur teachers and captains, and been photographed with the Lieutenant's training class, performed at the Health Exposition, given a signalling exhibition at an entertainment, attended the Memorial Day Inter School Services; paraded with the scouts on Memorial, Girl Scout, and Armistice Days, some of us being members of the scout bands which played on these occasions.

We have also attended the dedication of the Franklin and Roosevelt memorials; ushered at entertainments, assisted at the Girl Scout Tea Garden in connection with the Flower Show—then we've had hikes and rallies and given dances, dressed dolls for worthy causes.

Of course, we could not have done much if we had not been so fortunate as to have such a wonderful person as Miss Atwood for our Captain.

G. G., Patrol Leader.

During recreation hour we just sit around and chat, Middletown, Ohio.



# Philadelphia Girl Scouts

Edited by  
FRANCES CLARK  
Director

## COURT OF AWARDS

We have just had a most inspiring Court of Awards and were the proud hosts of our National President, Mrs. Hoover as well Mrs. Nicholas Brady and Mrs. Percy Williams from New York.

There were 850 Merit Badges awarded, also six Medals of Merit which went to Margaret Roe, Wilda Golden, Margaret McCray, and Marion Marshall, all of Troop No. 187; Gladys Faulkner, Troop No. 143, and Anna May Wilson, Troop No. 23.

Troop No. 187 received 161 badges and it was in all a proud day for Captain Campbell.

Another happy officer was Captain Fei, whose troop not only received a great many badges, but one of whose girls received special mention. It was Mary McLaughlin who had an accident in January and was taken to the hospital, paralyzed, where she is now slowly regaining the use of her limbs. Throughout the winter she wiled away the time studying for examinations. The examiners have been glad to go to the hospital to pass her in the different subjects. So on Saturday, Captain Fei received ten badges for her and at the end of the afternoon's events she took her troop to the hospital and presented Mary with her honors.

There was a demonstration by Troop No. 61 of how to pitch camp for the night. As this had been planned for out-doors and the Court at the last moment had to be indoors and give their demonstration on a stage, it was very much to their credit that it was so very efficiently executed.

Troop No. 201 gave a domestic demonstration, baby-washing, bandaging, ironing, sewing, knitting, darning, and cooking. They received much merited applause.

And then came the Brownies! Troop No. 1, of which we are never tired talking, brown denim bloomers and slips with white Peter Pan collars and cuffs and regular Brownie caps with a little bell on the peak! They did their flag drill and set-

ting-up exercises and gave everyone a great deal of enjoyment in witnessing it.

## HONOR ROLL

Troop No. 55, 100 per cent, District No. 2, Captain Berg; Troop No. 187, 100 per cent, District No. 3, Captain Campbell; Troop No. 105, 97 per cent, District No. 7, Captain Stehli; Troop No. 9, 96 per cent, District No. 5, Captain Kling; Troop No. 127, 95 per cent, District No. 7, Captain Watt; Troop No. 143, 93 per cent, District No. 7, Captain Feaster.

This month has given us particular cause for pride with our honor roll headed by two troops with 100 per cent. One of these troops (No. 187) received four Medals of Merit at the Court of Awards and 161 Merit Badges. Another troop on the roll worthy of particular congratulation is Troop No. 9 which received 96 per cent. This troop is comprised of girls in the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf at Mt. Airy, and practically every girl either is (or was) deaf and dumb. Their Captain, Miss Kling, is one of the instructors at the Institute.

## INTER-ORGANIZATION FIELD DAY

We are going to hold an Inter-Organization Field Day in a couple

of weeks with the Girl Reserves, Camp Fire, Girls Friendly, Pennsylvania League of Girls Clubs, White Williams Foundation, and Salvation Army.

Mrs. John Gribbel is lending us the grounds of her beautiful place at Wyncote and there we are all going to assemble and have Base Ball Games (the Girl Scouts have three teams already prepared), Old Clothes Relay Race, 3 Legged Race, Base Ball Throw, High Jump, Running Broad Jump, Standing Broad Jump, Hop Skip and Jump, and all the other Jumps.

The 103d Cavalry had an Inter-Troop meet the other night with all kinds of exciting events, Polo, Jumping, Wrestling, Tug-of-War, and many other interesting things.

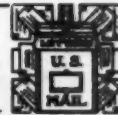
As the Girl Scouts were the beneficiaries of the occasion (the money to go toward the swimming-pool at our new Camp) they were allowed to give a demonstration and we had every reason to feel not only satisfied, but proud of the way in which Troop No. 69, under Captain MacGowan gave their Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag by semaphore to music, and Captain Ginder's Brownies drilled and the audience at large indicated their approval as no event of the evening received more applause.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover, our National President, awarding Merit Badges at our Court of Awards.





## SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



**ALTHOUGH** under British jurisdiction, the Girl Guide Movement in China is very cosmopolitan and international in character. Since 1915, when the movement was properly organized in Hong Kong, I think I have had girls of almost every nationality in my companies, and it is quite interesting and thrilling to see the array of flags of different nations when an enrollment is to take place, and, I may add, that in the strain and excitement of the movement, a wrong flag has been known to be saluted! In my present company I have English, Scotch, Americans, Russians, Belgians, Italians—when we sing the Guide Song, “We’re the Girl Guides Marching on the King’s Highway,” we each shout the name of our own country when necessary and it sounds “wierd” to say the least! We each consider our own country the best in the world.

In Hong Kong in 1917 and '18, there were two companies, but, owing to a series of misfortunes, it was impossible to keep things going, but in 1920 Miss Irving came out from England and the nucleus being dormant and not dead, she has now, under the Commissionship of Lady Stubbs, and her own able captaincy a very thriving branch, six or seven companies actively working. In 1920 a start was made in Shanghai, and there are now nine companies all doing good useful work. Here again spasmodic efforts had been made from time to time, but no lasting work had been accomplished. We hope before long to have a headquarters in Shanghai, where all China can procure equipment, books, etc. All companies are now getting funds for this purpose.

Hankow made its determined start also at the beginning of 1920. It being such a port of comings and goings, our Local Association, Executive Committee and Company all change practically every three months. We have now only two girls of the original company, so we get very little further than Second Class work.

There is a Chinese Officers Class in connection with the American Church Mission of about twelve members, they all do very good work, and we are now working for First Class badges. They take the program as it stands, as they all speak English, but when they take companies they have to adapt it a

great deal. So far, they have no national uniform, that is yet to come.

Tientsin has been going ahead for many years, but as I have only lately been made Commissioner for all China, I have not yet come definitely into touch with them. Climatic conditions there are more adapted to Guide work than in these parts.

Peking has a very thriving company of Chinese girls, in connection with St. Faith's school, under the able leadership of Miss Shelbeare. They have also a pack of Brownies, the only ones as far as I know of Chinese children. As China has no such thing as a “Fairy” it was difficult to find a name in Chinese, suitable for them, one was found but upon close investigation I found the literal translation was “Little Holy Spirits!” Thinking this scarcely suitable I thought it better to teach them the English name “Brownies.” The Peking Guides are able to help with the Famine Relief work, which was a step in the right direction.

In Shanghai there are two or three companies working apart now from our organization, for which I am sorry, as I want to keep the standard high. I hope in time to get into touch with them and help them to organize their own movement.

In many of the provinces, miles and days away from anywhere, there are isolated companies all doing good work, but it is impossible to get into personal touch with these owing to distance and the absence of travelling facilities. Amongst the Chinese progress must of necessity be slow, because “honour” and “esprit de corps” are unknown attributes to the nation. Womanhood and girlhood are at a discount and until they have their proper place little can be done. It is in this respect that the Guide movement should be such an immense help to them.

**C**amping is almost an impossibility, and as you know it, quite out of the question. Water, drainage, heat, mosquitoes, the inquisitive nature of the Chinaman, to whom nothing is sacred, make it absolutely impossible.

It is possible to go to a bungalow in the hills, but the heat and damp are so enervating, and fever so prevalent amongst the children who are so susceptible to it, that it has very little to commend it.

In Hankow we camped (!) for three days in my own house; it was

only a pretence, as my servants would not allow the girls to do much, it being “in-pa-dig” to do any work in China. The intercourse and banding together were of great value, but otherwise it was of no real value.

You will see from this that “Guiding” in China is as yet in its very initial stage, but we are not despairing; we are hoping great things for the future. Each nation represented is learning something of our ideals, and love for its country. While anything we can do to raise the standard of the Chinese nation cannot be without its own regard.

M. CARTLIDGE,

*Organizing Commissioner for China.*

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*Space allows us to print one more piece of Home News.*

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## KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Two representatives from each troop assisted in giving a demonstration of First Aid work at the Ladies' Library, Tuesday evening. The Girl Scouts were on the platform having a knot-tying contest when a child rushed in and announced there was a fire across the street. The alarm of fire was turned in and the Scouts went out to give their assistance. They soon returned carrying a victim on a stretcher made of clothes, poles and scout coats. The victim, a small child, had jumped from a window of the burning building and had broken her leg and cut a great gash in her head. The leg was put into a temporary splint made of a folded rug held in place by middy ties. The gash was dressed with a bandage made up of a clean underskirt that one of the girls had taken off and torn up for that purpose. While the first victim was being cared for a Scout came in carrying a second over her shoulder—the fireman's lift. This child had been rescued from a room on the second floor, where she had been found unconscious. Breathing had almost ceased, so that it was necessary to apply artificial respiration. The child's hand was terribly burned, which was covered with a paste of baking soda and dressed with the improvised bandages. No sooner were the temporary bandages and splints in place than the clanging of the ambulance bell was heard and the victims carried out to be taken to the hospital.





### OUTDOOR REFRESHMENTS

Almost everyone gets hungry and thirsty when they are watching a parade—whether it is the most thrilling circus parade or a march of soldier boys on the Fourth of July. And also everyone who has marched in a parade knows how dry your mouth gets and how tired and hungry you become when waiting for the line of march to stop. This gives the Girl Scouts a most wonderful opportunity to "Help Others at all Times" and also to increase their Troop treasury.

In the first place, get permission from the city authorities to have a stand either at the beginning or along the line of march. Decorate it prettily—in a suitable manner for the occasion—and then sell ice-cold lemonade, homemade candy, popcorn balls and peanuts. A small charge is all that is necessary to make the dimes and nickels roll in. At the same time you will be really helping out the community.

The same idea can be carried out on Saturdays and Sundays in the parks where so many people come for recreation.

We have also heard of a troop in Williamstown, Mass., who loaded automobiles with good things, such as pies, cakes, rolls, etc., and were driven through the streets with the approach announced by the ringing of a bell. You may be sure that the automobiles were emptied in short manner.

This refreshment idea in the open can be carried on in many numerous ways—for instance a troop can sell sandwiches to people who are going on picnics—or guarantee to supply the lunch for a certain price and deliver it at the picnic grounds. Now that summer is coming try these ideas out and let us hear of your success.

*Ideas or plans for money making are needed for this column. Send us your successful and profitable plans and credit will be given to you.*

### A THRIFT MACHINE

Thrift week is over, but the need for thrift will never pass and so I am sure you will be as interested as I was to learn of a new way in which thrift is made easy. It is a small automatic banking machine, into which you slip your coins: pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters and pull out, not candy, chewing gum or a card with your weight and age on it, but a stamp which represents the amount of your investment and which you paste into a neat little folder presented to you for that very purpose. When the folder is full of stamps, you can take it to a savings bank and open an account, or turn it in to your Captain to stand in your name for camp next summer.

This system has been worked out particularly for school savings but why wouldn't it be a good thing to have in every Girl Scout Headquarters. Don't you think your savings would grow faster if the change was not jingling in your pockets? If instead, you were racing with yourself to see how fast you could fill your card with stamps. Talk it over with your director and if she thinks well of it, ask her to write to the Editor of *Popular Mechanics* and inquire about the Automatic Banking Machine.

### EXPORT, PENN.

On August 13th the Girl Scouts of our town were organized.

1. As our troop was organized so late in the summer we just had a four day camping trip near home before school opened. Our first camp!

2. Hollowe'en came bringing a masquerade to which we invited the Boy Scouts. We also won a pair of woolen blankets in our Hollowe'en parade.


3. We canvassed for the Red Cross in November and raised \$105.00.

4. We gave a Christmas Party and exchanged gifts, the troop presenting the Captain with a beautiful Ivory Clock.

5. In February we gave the play, "Why They Gave the Show and How," which proved a great success and gave us the sum of \$87.00.

6. Now sixteen of our charter members have passed the Second Class Test and are starting to work for the Merit Badges.

L. H., Captain.

<h1>THE GIRL  SCOUTS, INC.</h1>	
Certificate No. _____	September 1, 1922
189 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY	
<p>— THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT —</p> <p>_____</p> <p>has contributed _____ dollars to National Headquarters as a gift to assist in the formation of other troops of scouts.</p>	

The above Certificate will be given to Lone Scout Troops who send contributions to National Headquarters for the extension of Scouting. The first troop to receive this certificate was Troop 1, Mackinac Island, Mich.

## THE ANNUAL SUMMER CRUISE OF IRIS TROOP 1

The day set for the Cruise was August 1, 1921. We girls were to sleep aboard Sunday night in order to get an early start on Monday morning, and thus reach Plymouth in time to see President Harding. When Monday morning dawned, it was too choppy outside for us to start, so we stayed in port until the latter part of Monday afternoon, when our Commander thought safe for us to leave. With the help of a west wind we made fairly good time, arriving in Marblehead Harbor at seven o'clock. We anchored there at night, and started for Plymouth at six-thirty, Tuesday morning; there was a west wind which later changed to a south-west. We had a very pleasant trip down the South Shore and we felt quite a thrill at being out of sight of land.

All during the trip we observed all kinds of buoys; those marking the outer entrance to a harbor, and those marking the inner entrance to a harbor, and those marking dangerous places. All this was very interesting to us as we are Sea Scouts. A few girls learned to use the chart, and one girl practised navigation.

We reached Plymouth at two-thirty, a day too late for us to see President Harding. We planned to attend the Pageant Wednesday night, but on account of the rain we did not see it until Thursday night.

An object of interest in Plymouth Harbor was a canoe in which a man cruised and lived. Some waterproof material protected him and the contents of his canoe from the weather. One could see him preparing his meals and eating them without changing his position. He had to go ashore in order to seek relief from his cramped quarters. One morning he found himself, much to his astonishment, high and dry on a mud flat. The tide soon came to his rescue. We wrote home, telling of this man, of the model of the Mayflower at anchor in the harbor, of a boat used in the Pageant by the Norsemen, and of the places of historic interest.



At Anchor

We left Plymouth at six-thirty on the morning of August 4th. The sea was exceedingly rough because of a stiff north-west wind which changed to north-east. The boat rolled incessantly, the waves nearly dashing over the deck at times. The trip from Plymouth to Marblehead took us nine hours. As we passed Boston light-ship, we all declared that the people living aboard that boat were not to be envied, anchored so far from land. We arrived in Marblehead at five-thirty. We were very glad to have the boat stop rolling, and to have the chance to eat in a galley not pitching and rocking.

The next morning our real routine began again. We had "First Call" then "Reveille." At that call all hands leapt from the bunks and hammocks dressed hurriedly, and dashed to the deck to "scrub up." Hearing "Mess Call" all hands dashed below for breakfast. There were two divisions for "mess," between them, at eight o'clock, came "Morning Colors." We waited to hear the cannon on a large yacht named "Constellation" and to hear the shot fired from the Corinthian Yacht Club. Then, as every flag in the harbor went up, our four buglers blew "Morning Colors." We waited to hear the cannon, and our own American Flag and our Troop Flag were raised, and the one was at the stern and the other on the foremast.

Each day the girls were assigned in pairs for the various duties. The K. P. (kitchen police) had to set and clear off the table, wash the dishes, and clean up the galley. The deck swabbers swung up buckets of water over the rail, and washed down the deck, using a mop and a "squeegee." The water-carriers went ashore with four huge cans, to get the water for use on board. They made two or three trips in order to fill the large barrels. Two girls swept and dusted the cabin. If they found anything belonging to a girl, the owner received a severe lecture. Two girls went ashore with the Commander for provisions, and assisted in carrying aboard supplies for the Commissary Dept., or doing any other errands of like nature. After all the work was finished, there was inspection by the Commander and Captain.

During the morning we girls were taught those things that a good Sea Scout Knows. The older girls taught the others how to make a good landing, how to bring the skiff alongside without scratching the paint, how to make a proper fastening. The very youngest had to be taught rowing. In the morning, there was always swimming and diving from



Manning the windlass

the deck of the yacht. When the girls wished to go to the beach ashore, they first had to obtain permission. Permission was necessary before any one could leave the boat for pleasure; when leaving the boat and when returning to it, the girls always showed their respect for their Flag by saluting the "Quarter Deck."

After a morning so spent, we strained our ears to hear the noon "Mess Call."

In the afternoon we generally went ashore or out rowing. Some preferred to lie on the deck, reading, writing home, or simply watching the yachts and graceful sail-boats. Still others practised semaphoring, or entertained Girl Scouts who came aboard to visit the novel yacht. During the cruise, we had many Girl Scout visitors, who were interested and delighted with our life on board.

The visitors saw a yacht about sixty feet long; one that can accommodate twelve or fifteen people. There were four staterooms and accommodations for four in the fore-castle. In the cabin they saw a long full-length mirror, and noticed the wood-work which is all of hand-carved mahogany. Every one saw the real navy hammocks and wondered how many girls could sleep in one without falling out before morning. The visitors heard the regulation ship's clock which strikes the bells every half-hour. Each of us must be able to tell time by a ship's clock and one girl was detailed to ring the bell on deck as soon as the cabin clock was heard to strike.

At sunset we had "retreat" and the cannon could be heard again. Immediately, every flag was lowered and the anchor light was hoisted. In the evening we sometimes rowed over to Marblehead Neck to a band concert at one of the Yacht Clubs, or else stayed aboard our own "Wahama" playing the victrola or dancing. At nine o'clock we had Assembly, repeated the Lord's prayer together, then "Taps" was sounded by one of our buglers.

Saturday, August 6th, we went to Manchester and on the following morning attended church there. In

(Continued on Page 26)



## ACROSS THE CONTINENT

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Wallace Reid is almost always amusing—but in this last picture as Jimmy Dent, son of John Dent who manufactured an automobile for the poorer classes, he was at his best.

From the time when he refused to ride in his father's "Tin Lizzie"—to the minute when he entered the coast to coast race, the picture is full of surprises.

An automobile race is always exciting—but in this case it was doubly so—as it ended up in being a race of fairness against crooked dealing. You can guess who won—but we won't tell you—we'll just let you go and see for yourself.



Wallace Reid and Mary MacLaren have a most thrilling ride in the picture, "Across the Continent," which is reviewed on this page.

## DON'T FORGET!

"The Golden Eaglet," your own moving picture, is always available for use at entertainments.

## GOLDEN EAGLETS

Rena Josie, Troop No. 2, Somerville, N. J.; Miriam Nichols, Troop No. 2, Reading, Mass.; Elizabeth Slocumb, Troop No. 2, Malden, Mass.; Minerva Caldwell, Troop No. 2, Medford, Mass.; Geraldine Puffer, Troop No. 2, Medford, Mass.; Kathryn Ball, Troop No. 2, Medford, Mass.; Frances Knapp, Troop No. 2, Medford, Mass.; Miriam H. Bunker, Troop No. 1, Wellesley, Mass.; Roberta Seaver, Troop No. 7, Boston, Mass.; Captain Van Horn, Troop No. 18, Jersey City, N. J.; Grace Brown, Troop No. 13, Springfield, Mass.; Helen Lambert, Troop No. 13, Springfield, Mass.; Maybelle Turner, Troop No. 13, Springfield, Mass.; Ivy Fisk, Troop No. 23, Springfield, Mass.; Elsie Wills, Troop No. 34, Springfield, Mass.; Penelope Turle, Troop No. 2, Duluth, Minn.; Virginia Lignell, Troop No. 1, Duluth, Minn.; Isabelle Berg, Troop No. 78, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Harriet Collier, Troop No. 13, Providence, R. I.

Never give in, but stick to it and win,

That is the way of the Scout.

Upright and clean, both thrifty and keen,

Orders she'll gladly obey;  
Living a life of use and not strife,  
Doing her good turn a day;  
Heedless of gain, but with might and main,

Working for good without doubt;  
Making a name by "playing the game,"

That is the way of the Scout.  
Sturdy and fit, oft proving her grit,  
Handy and friendly to all,  
Loyal and true, a sticker like glue,  
Ready if country should call;  
Ever by deed upholding her creed,  
Leading the way with a shout.  
Fighting for Right, with God as her Might,

That is the way of the Scout.

—TROOP 26.

## THE ANNUAL CRUISE

(Continued from Page 25)

the afternoon we returned to Marblehead Harbor, making the trip in an hour. We had a wonderful time during the week in the harbor and all regretted that our cruise must end. The last night of the trip the girls prepared an entertainment which was a great success—except for an occasional mosquito. Commander told us ghost stories and anecdotes. We spent an evening which we shall long remember. After 9 o'clock we went on deck to see the harbor. A cornetist was playing aboard one of the yachts and the music floated dreamily over the water: the harbor was quiet and still: the moonlight shone on the sails of the sail-boats and lighted up the water, lights were twinkling on the shore: each girl was silenced by the beauty of the scene and received an impression never-to-be-forgotten.

The next morning we made everything ship-shape and prepared to get under way. The anchor was hauled up by five girls who used the capstan windlass. After the rope had been coiled and after all other details were seen to, we started off. The Pilot had great difficulty in steering among the small yachts, sailboats and ferry boats. A south-east wind made our home-trip very rough, but nevertheless the sail was all too short; it was our last.

The Coast Guards had sighted us while we were at sea, and had sent word to our parents and friends. They were thronging the wharf to give us a hearty "welcome home." Thus ended the Cruise of 1921.

## THE WAY OF THE SCOUT

Reprinted from "The Bugler,"  
Girl Scout paper, of Rochester, N. Y.  
Cheery and bright from morning till night,

Ready and willing to aid;  
Hard though the work, she never will shirk,

Plodding along undismayed;  
Trusty and true, she'll see the thing through,

"Fail" is a word she's ruled out;



# CAMP ANDREE

Briarcliff Manor, New York



A special camp for girls of 14 years of age or over who are interested in becoming Girl Scout leaders. The ideals and principles of Scouting are carried out in the everyday life of the girls at camp.

The camp is run on the patrol system. The girls live in the open, cooking their meals over an open fire, swimming, hiking, and learning about birds through "living experiences with living birds."

Rate: \$10.00 per week.

Training School for Girl Scout Leaders, Saturday, June 10th to Saturday, June 24th.

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**National Headquarters Girl Scouts**

**189 LEXINGTON AVENUE**

**NEW YORK CITY**

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City ..... State .....

### A "GOOD TURN" DIARY

Monday—I studied my Tenderfoot work, in order to be able to pass the exam, and win another point for my troop on the honor roll.

Tuesday—I let my little brother spin my top, and I helped mother get the supper.

Wednesday—When I was riding to school this morning, on the street car, I saw an old lady standing in the aisle. I stood up and gave her my place.

Thursday—I had all my lessons, and teacher said her work would be very much lighter if every one in the room would follow my example.

Friday—I went to the grocery for our neighbor. She gave me five cents, and I put it in my Scout bank.

Saturday—I looked after the baby, and prepared the vegetables for supper, while mother went shopping.

Sunday—It was my turn to go to Sunday school early and arrange our class room, I put the chairs in a circle, and a Bible in each place. Mother let me take some flowers from the garden. I put some in a vase on the table, and others in a vase on the window-sill. Miss S— said the room looked very cheerful.

There is no name on this, but we are under the impression that it was written by a member of Troop 5. Let's see who can send us the best "Be Prepared" list for next week.

TACOMA, WASH.

### A SURPRISE PARTY

Troop No. 97 of the Mount Hermon M. E. Church lost their Captain, Miss Irma Zeeb, as she moved away from town. This was a very real deprivation to them as she was one of the best officers in South Philadelphia. They felt they had to do something to show their appreciation of all her work and the time she had given them, so they planned a surprise party and it was unlike most surprise parties, in that she was really surprised.

She was invited to dinner at the home of one of the Scouts. After dinner this Scout suggested that they run over to see one of the other troop members which they did and found the entire troop assembled. There were games and refreshments and better still, a bouquet and a handsome silk scarf. The Scouts of No. 97 feel that Royersford is very lucky to have Miss Zeeb and we understand that already she is interested in troops there having received cordial invitations to visit them.

# BENEFIT PENCILS



## An Original Money Raising Plan for Girl Scout Troops, Schools, Churches, Societies, etc.

During the past few years over a million of our "Benefit Pencils" have been sent to organizations in all parts of the country to raise money for different purposes. At this very minute our "Benefit Pencils" are earning money for Churches, Schools, Clubs, and Fraternal Organizations of different kinds in nearly every state of the Union. The time worn tag day is on the wane; in many cities it is forbidden altogether. People in general are getting tired of spending their perfectly good money for useless tags, cards, flags, emblems, etc., and getting absolutely nothing in return. By our plan, you sell them a good pencil, something useful and of real value and at the same time they are giving their support to a worthy cause. Our plan is to furnish a good quality metal tip rubber eraser pencil, printed special from your copy. This wording usually consists of the name of your organization together with a brief outline telling just what the money is being raised for, making each pencil tell its own story and help sell others. These are sold on the streets, in the offices, business houses, stores, schools, factories, and residences at whatever price a person wishes to give. No one will think of giving less than five cents, and in many instances the price will average from ten to fifteen cents each. Even if they all sell at five cents each your Troop will realize a big profit. Many business houses and offices purchase in dozen and gross lots and you will certainly be surprised to see how fast they sell.

Why not let us send your Troop a few gross to be sold in this way. We allow 30 or 60 days' credit, which means that you can hold the sale and do all of your collecting before you have to send us our share of the proceeds. These pencils are furnished and printed from your copy in lots of two gross and over at \$4.75 per gross F. O. B., Camden, New York.

Remember—there is no risk on your part—pay for the pencils after the sale. No chances taken on left overs—the pencils being saleable at all times of the year. Why not arrange to hold a rousing pencil day sale for your organization at this time?

Fill out the coupon below and send for your pencils today! Whatever quantity suits you suits us. They will soon be bringing in the money, and you will be more than pleased with the results.

## SPECIAL OFFER!

### Beautiful Six Foot U. S. Flag Free of All Cost!

To Every Organization ordering seven gross or more of the pencils at a time, and remitting for them within fifteen days from date of invoice, we will give free of all cost a LARGE SIX FOOT U. S. FLAG, made of regular flag cloth, fast colors, stripes securely sewed, heavy canvas headings and metal grommets—suitable for indoor or outdoor use.

## THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY COMPANY

### IMPRINT PENCILS

38-40 MAIN STREET

CAMDEN, NEW YORK



### Read What These Good People Say—

Dear Sirs:  
Enclosed find check for pencils recently received. They were satisfactory in every way.

MISS E. M. GIDDINGS, Young St., Honolulu, T. H.

Gentlemen:  
Thank you for your prompt and generous attention in filling our order. We are very much pleased with the results of our sale.

MISS LAURA M. KELLER, Circle, Alaska.

Gentlemen:  
Please send us another gross of pencils as quickly as possible. This will be our third sale this year.

MRS. LOTTIE E. DANIELS, Wilson, Okla.

Gentlemen:  
Enclosed please find check of the Guyandotte Camp Fire Girls to cover payment in full for the pencils. We are making a nice profit for the Camp on these.

MRS. BUREN H. TOLER, Mullens, W. Va.

Gentlemen:  
Enclosed find payment in full for the seven gross of pencils. You may send us three more gross of pencils with same marking, "Camp Fund, Camp Fire Girls."

MRS. E. J. CARVER, Fulton, N. Y.

Fill Out the Coupon and Mail Today—We'll Do the Rest!

AMER. GIRL, JUNE 22  
THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY CO.,  
Camden, New York.

Gentlemen:  
You may enter our order for .....gross Benefit Pencils at \$4.75 per gross and print from the following copy:

It is understood if we order at least seven gross of the pencils and pay for them within fifteen days from date of invoice, that we are to receive a Six-Foot U. S. Flag free of all cost.

PENCILS AFTER BEING PRINTED CANNOT BE RETURNED FOR CREDIT



# CELLO

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## MESS KITS! CANTEENS!

*Just What You Want For Camp and Hikes*



No. 1 Aluminum contains

Fry Pan                      Cup  
Stew Pan                      Spoon  
Fork                              Pail  
Combined Cover and  
Plate

Price \$3.50

No. 2—Steel Fry Pan with Tinned ware  
as above—Price \$2.50

### CANTEENS

No. 1 Aluminum \$2.75

No. 2 Tin 1.50



*On Sale*

**NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPT.**

189 LEXINGTON AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

### HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

A business meeting of the troop Saturday afternoon resolved itself into a birthday surprise for one of the patrol leaders, Miss Rena Lee Giles. After a short business session and a fifteen-minute drill conducted by Billie Minter and Lowell Leberman, the scouts were invited into the Y. W. C. A. dining room, where by courtesy of Mrs. T. M. Scott and Mrs. Ernest Harris a table had been allowed. This the members decorated in red roses, hearts and a big birthday cake with 16 roses, colored candles in rose-holders. Miss Willie Louise King presented the surprised honor guest with a package from her patrol, which opened disclosed a collection of articles of scout equipment, gifts from the patrol.

In cutting the cake yielded up its trophies as follows: Elsie Crozier, the button; Virginia Campbell, the penny; Clarice Blackmore, the dime; Mrs. J. C. Giles, the nickel, and Alice Severin, the wishbone.

AUSTIN, TEXAS,  
Troop 1.

### WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.

The work here has grown very much in the last year. Two Brownie Packs have been formed and one more is waiting for a Brown Owl. A very large Citizen Scout Troop is going well.

This Citizen Troop is made up entirely of self supporting girls and women, some of whom are married, and none of whom have ever been Scouts. They are all working on their Second Class tests, and are very interested in all sorts of Community work. Their contribution to West Palm Beach at Christmas time was a play, which they rehearsed and put on for two nights free of charge, and open to all.

A Rally was held on March 6th; at which time the Field Chairman was given a Medal of Merit, by the Troops, in recognition of the great help and enjoyment that the Scout work had brought into their lives. The Council also gave Medals of Merit to Miss Stowers and Miss Hulst, for their untiring work in keeping the scout work on the very highest plane. The outstanding feature of the Rally was a five minute original stunt done by each troop. All were good but the honors were awarded to the following: first, the Citizen troop who did a very charming, slow, rhythmic dance, with lighted candles in the dark hall; second, to Troop 4, who did a very pretty signalling stunt using the Morse Code.

### Earn Money to Go to Camp

Girls wanted to sell a new specialty Apron. Something entirely new and sells on sight. Article sells for \$1.50. Good Commission. Agents wanted especially to sell in New York City and on Long Island.

Write for particulars to

**WILLIAM ELLIOTT**

10 East 43rd Street N. Y. C.

### TAKE PICTURES AT CAMP!

Send in your best snapshots to us—THE AMERICAN GIRL wants them for publication—We can use any size providing the outlines are sharp—Watch for the big Picture Contest Coming!

## GOLDEN EAGLET'S JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON

We drove away at 8.30, flying a Troop 55 pennant, in a shower of confetti thrown by the girls.

We chose the route across Staten Island, and drove through Princeton, passing the homes of Rev. Henry Van Dyke and the late Grover Cleveland. As we crossed the Delaware River, we had a fine view of the Capitol at Trenton. At Philadelphia we visited Independence Hall, saw the Liberty Bell and the room where the Declaration of Independence was signed. Left Philadelphia via Baltimore Pike, passing such historical scenes as Brandywine Battlefield, Lafayette's Headquarters and Washington's Headquarters. Arrived in Baltimore, making 205 miles for the day's trip.

Tuesday morning we reached Annapolis just in time to see the Midshipmen assembled before marching to mess hall. We went through the handsome buildings of the Naval Academy, Memorial Hall, Flag Room, Armory, Chapel and John Paul Jones' Crypt. Visited the State Capitol and saw the old Senate Chamber where Washington resigned his commission of the army in 1783. We were in uniform and received a salute from the Officer in Command while in the Armory. We drove on to Washington, making 97 miles for the day.

Our appointment at the Whitehouse was made for 12:35 Wednesday. We were first entertained by Major Balingier who showed us the rooms of State on the main floor, including the State dining-room. Mrs. Harding received us in the red reception room (her favorite) and as each of us was announced by Major Balingier we saluted Mrs. Harding and stepped forward to take her outstretched hand. Mrs. Harding talked with us fully five minutes, saying how much she thought of Scouting and sending greetings to all Brooklyn Scouts. She told the girls they would receive many thrills in Washington, and that she, herself, still marveled at the beauties of the Whitehouse, built so many years ago and yet meeting so perfectly all our present need. Mrs. Harding also said that she considered the Golden Eaglet the highest honor that any American girl could win. She then suggested that we shake hands with Mr. Harding, since he, too, is much interested in Scouting. We applied at the office where Mr. McKenna arranged for us to see the President. Immediately behind us were seven Eagle Boy Scouts from Troop No. 29, Pittsburg. We saluted the Presi-

dent before shaking hands, and noticed that the Boy Scouts followed our example. Another unexpected pleasure was finding "Laddie Boy" the President's dog in the corridor. We were going through the rooms open to the general public, when a photographer from Underwood & Underwood sought us to pose for him. By that time we felt important enough for anything!

Washington Girl Scout Headquarters had invited us to visit Troop 18, under Captain Norwood. Most of the evening was spent in the Library of Congress. Drove 32 miles that day.

Thursday morning we went up the Monument. The girls walked up in 15 minutes including stops to examine tablets. We all patronized the elevator going down. We were shown, by a guide, through the War, State and Navy Building and allowed to sit in the chair used by Mr. McKinley when he signed the Peace Treaty with Spain. Our visits in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Pan American Building, Smithsonian Institute and Museums were all too short. We drove around Tidal Basin, Lincoln Memorial and Speedway and then crossed the long bridge over the Potomac into Virginia. In Arlington Cemetery we saw the Unknown Soldier's grave, and the Memorial Amphitheatre. At Alexandria we visited Christ Church where Washington attended, also General Lee. Then we drove on to Mt. Vernon, Washington's beautiful home and visited his tomb, etc. We hurried back to Washington as we were invited to tea at Mrs. Hoover's home on S Street. Mrs. Hoover was in California, but had her friend, Miss Stevick, to entertain us. Miss Stevick was Captain of a Girl Scout Troop in California. Tea was served in the garden, and the table set under the blossoming cherry tree.

Friday morning we drove out of Washington on Connecticut Ave. past Chevy Chase Country Club, through Frederick to Gettysburg, where we went around the battle fields and the cemetery and stood in the place where Lincoln made his famous address. We then visited the painting in the Cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg. In driving through York and Lancaster we saw quite a number of Mennonites in their quaint garb.

Motorists will be interested to know that our total of 704 miles was along splendid roads without detours.

I. P. T., Captain

## KEEPS FURNITURE LOOKING NEW

Don't let grime, smoke stains, finger marks and scratches, make your furniture look old before it's time when 3-in-One will keep it new looking all the time.

Do this: Wring out a cloth in cold water. Add a few drops of 3-in-One. Wipe furniture, wringing out cloth frequently. Dry and polish with a woolen cloth or a cheese cloth, rubbing always with the grain of the wood. This removes unsightly marks and stains, and brings again the first new, beautiful look. Also use

### 3-in-One oil

to make a fine dustless duster. Or oil your sewing machines with it. Rub it over bathroom fixtures and see how clean they look. 3-in-One is sold in drug, grocery, hardware, housefurnishing and general stores: 1 oz. bottle, 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., (½ pt.), 50c. Also in Patent Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz., 25c. If your dealer does not carry these, we will send you one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One for 30c.



FREE—A generous sample of 3-in-One and the 3-in-One Dictionary. Write today.

Three-in-One Oil Co.

Broadway, New York

## A GIRL SCOUT SEES and HEARS

Lend Us Your Eyes and Ears and

We Will Improve Them

The Guide to Nature

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Sample Copy 15c.

EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor

Arcadia

SOUND BEACH

CONNECTICUT

### OUR BIRD FRIENDS

Just What You Want for Camp!

An educational game. Valuable aid to Scouts in securing Bird Hunter's Badge. Fifty-two summer and winter birds accurately illustrated and described.

Price, prepaid, 50 cents

SARAH H. DUDLEY, BERLIN, MASS.

**SHELTER TENT \$1.45**

Made of olive drab, 100% waterproof canvas. Easily packed and carried, being in 2 sections which tightly fasten together with double buttons. Folds into compact bundle weighing approx. 7 lbs. Size 7 ft. x 4 ft. 6 in. Sold as high as \$10.00. Our 80 Day Anniversary Sale price \$1.45, plus 50c for packing and postage. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**ATLANTIC STORES**  
458 Maple Bldg. Atlanta, Ga.

### EARN AT HOME

Making paper flowers, roses  
Interesting, 80% profit  
Instructions complete, 20 cents,  
12 per dollar  
T. FINELLI

Box 601

Roseto, Pa.

## We're Ready, Girl Scouts!

### WE SELL FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS

We sell them by the packet, ounce, pound and by the ton!

### WE SELL THEM IN COLLECTIONS—

No. 1—20 pkts. of Vegetable and 5 pkts. of Flower Seeds! In all 25 pkts. of best varieties for only \$1.00.

(Regular price would be \$2.20)

No. 2—12 pkts. of Flower Seeds for sowing March-April, only 50 cents.

(Regular price would be \$1.10)

We have at present some nice Bulbs for the Window Garden:

Amaryllis which bloom in March, 75c. to \$1.50

Tuberous rooted Begonia, red, yellow, pink, 50c. each; doz., \$5.00.

Callas, golden yellow, bloom by Easter, 50c. each.

Gloxinias, red-banded bloom all summer, 50c. each.

Tuberose, Caladiums and many more.

### HERRMANN'S SEED STORE

140 East Thirty-fourth Street  
2 Blocks from Headquarters, N. Y. C.

### DOLLAR BOOKS ON COOKING DELIVERED TO YOU

Basic Unit Food System.....	\$1.00
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Dainties.....	1.00
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Hot Weather Dishes.....	1.00
How to Use a Chafing Dish.....	1.00
Bread and Bread Making.....	1.00

H. CLYATT :: CAMP KNOX, KY.

Read our Get Acquainted Offer on Page 28.

## HOW LESLIE WON HER MEDAL

(Continued from Page 14)

ture. Once out she found a resting place against a ventilator and passed her belt through it in such a way as to hold her firmly.

A sudden rush of water swirled about her feet. The wail of a child reached her ears and clinging to a plank she saw a tiny girl about to be swept by. At the risk of losing her own hold she reached out as far as she could, caught the child by the dress and by exerting every ounce of her strength managed to pull her towards her.

Through the long hours of the night she held her, soothing her cries till the child fell asleep, and later fighting her own exhaustion and drowsiness lest she lose her hold. At dawn the rescuers came in boats, took the child from her stiff arms and gently laid her down on a pile of coats that they hastily stripped off. Then she collapsed.

Five days later she awoke to find her father bending over her, deep lines of anxiety written on his face. The hours of suspense while he tried every means to get to her, and afterwards watched with doctors and nurses for signs of improvement had left their marks upon him.

"Where am I?" asked Leslie feebly, wondering why her voice sounded so far off.

"In the hospital, dear. You've been very sick with pneumonia from the exposure in the wet, but now you're going to get well. You must, for you're going to have the Scout medal for saving a life."

A flush of joy rose to Leslie's cheek.

"Miss Margaret and I will both have medals then, won't we?" she whispered.

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Mason, though since he had not heard the story of Peggy, and thought she was still slightly delirious from her fever. "This time I'm going all the way

## \$24 QUICKLY EARNED TOWARDS YOUR CAMPING!

We send chocolate bars, caramels, etc., for Campfire Girls, Girl Scouts, Schools, Classes, Churches, etc., to sell for us, and send them express prepaid east of Syracuse, N. Y., and north of Philadelphia. Liberal express allowance elsewhere.

If you can sell 60 boxes of 5c bars, have your Captain send us an order, with reference, and we will send 10 boxes each of Schrafft's Cream Almond, Walnut, Butter Scotch and Cream and Block—also Cocoanut Bars and Caramels.

You send us \$48 in 30 days and keep \$24 for yourself.

We can also supply 30, 40 and 50 box cases at proportionate prices and profits.

### OPINIONS

"The Campfire Girls had wonderful success selling your candies. Everyone speaks of the good quality."

New York

"I will say undoubtedly your candy is the best I have ever eaten."

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"In three days the candy was sold."

N. Carolina

"We are having a good sale."

Vermont

Circular on request or you can order directly from this advertisement. Express shipments same day order is received.

FRED D. LESURE COMPANY  
Wholesale Confectioners  
Fitchburg 1g Broad St., Massachusetts



All  
Girl  
Scouts

should have

This beautiful regulation Girl Scout bugle. Key of G with tuning slide to F. Mouthpiece attached. Retail value, \$5.00. Sold to all Girl Scouts for only \$3.50. Easy to learn to blow. You can never get lost on hikes if you have a bugle. Manufactured by Rex Metal Products Co., Inc.

Send your money order for \$3.50 to

**GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.**

National Headquarters

189 Lexington Ave., N. Y. City

BASKETRY MATERIALS. Reeds, raffia, wooden bases, chair cane, Indian ash, splints, cane, webbing, wooden beads, braided straw, rush, willow, pine needles, books, tools, dyes. Catalogue and Directions, 15 cents. LOUIS STOUGHTON DRAKE, Inc., 26 Everett St., Allston, Station 34, Boston, Mass.

## OFFICIAL Girl Scout Knives

"Fully Warranted"

On Sale At

**GIRL SCOUT NATIONAL SUPPLY DEP'T.**

189 Lexington Ave.

New York City

Manufactured by

**DWIGHT DIVINE & SONS**

Ellenville

AMERICAN MADE

N. Y.



Makers of the Famous "Ulster Brand"



## MORE PREMIUM OFFERS!

### *The American Girl Wants New Readers!*

## Help Get Them For Us and WE WILL REWARD YOU!

**T**HE only thing you have to do is to tell your friends about THE AMERICAN GIRL and ask them to subscribe at \$1.50 a year. A few hours after school and on Saturday Will give you your opportunity to get 5 or 10 Subscriptions.

Start in on your Scout friends, they are sure to be interested. Then do a good turn for Scouting by interesting your other friends in the Girl Scouts, through their magazine!

When you have enough subscriptions for the prize you want—send along the names and addresses carefully written or better still printed with a money order covering the cost of the number of subscriptions at \$1.50 each. These must not include your own personal subscription. Be sure to state which prize you have earned and it will be forwarded to you at once.

### Here Is Just What You Need For Camp



A HANDY MESS KIT in Aluminum containing frying pan, saucepan, kettle, cup, fork and spoon which fold up and fit a khaki case with a strap to wear over your shoulder.  
Given for 12 Subscriptions.



HEAVY WEB HAVERSACK, khaki colored, just the right size to hang over your shoulder.  
Given for 10 Subscriptions.

### Take Your Choice of These:

- Girl Scout handkerchief given for 1 subscription
- Unbreakable mirror given for 1 subscription
- In-spool sewing-kit given for 1 subscription
- Girl Scout web belt given for 2 subscriptions
- Box of Girl Scout Stationery given for 2 subscriptions
- Girl Scout Knife (No. 1) given for 5 subscriptions
- Handy Flash Light given for 5 subscriptions
- First Aid Kit, complete (metal box), given for 8 subscriptions
- Girl Scout Bugle given for 12 subscriptions

**THE AMERICAN GIRL**

Floral Park, N. Y.  
189 Lexington Ave., New York City

## The AMERICAN GIRL



## Camp Directory

## QUANSET



Cape Cod  
Sailing  
Camp  
for Girls  
on  
Pleasant  
Bay

The Pioneer Salt Water Camps  
Est. 1905  
Quansets—Ages 13-18 Nimicuts—Ages 8-13  
Sailing, experienced Cape Cod skipper.  
Salt water swimming. Canoeing. Red Cross  
Life Saving examiners. English crafts, dancing,  
team games, tennis. Horseback riding.  
Camp craft. Trail lore. Expert instruction  
and leadership. Personal care. Fresh Farm  
products. Unusual results in health and vigor.  
MR. and MRS. E. A. W. HAMMATT  
Box 5 SOUTH ORLEANS, MASS.

## CAMP IDYLE WYLD

Three Lake, Wisconsin

A song for every activity.  
Will you help us sing:

Go, roll your bedding up again,  
We'll make another camp.  
A fishing pole, a blanket roll, a poncho  
for the camp.  
Get ready for a truck trip,  
Or a paddle or a tramp,  
All up and down we'll go camping. Chorus:

Limited number; few vacancies;  
highest references required  
Fees, \$500 including railroad fare

## PINE KNOLL CAMP FOR GIRLS

Near Conway, N. H.

Heart of White Mountains, on lovely  
secluded Lake Umbagog. Offers in equipment,  
location, and supervision, all the most  
exacting parent could ask. Noted for its  
splendid class of girls. Number limited  
to fifty. Catalog.

MRS. FRANCES HODGES WHITE  
Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

## The FOUR-LAKES-CAMP for GIRLS

CAMP MINNETONKA, MONMOUTH, ME.

Capacity 40  
Camping in pine woods; canoeing in four  
lakes; swimming in crystal clear water; observation  
hills; Gypsy trips; refined counselors.  
New illustrated booklet

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1103 Harrison St., Box 5, Philadelphia, Pa.

COMMONWEALTH ART COLONY  
Boothbay Harbor on the Coast of Maine  
No Councilors. Perfect Freedom. A girl  
under 20 must be accompanied by her  
mother or older sister. Our specialties:  
Sketching and painting from Nature,  
French, Music, Dramatics—all of high  
professional grade. A camp for the whole  
family. Catalog. 18th year.

A. G. RANDALL, Director  
Classical High School  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

with you," he continued. "No more  
traveling alone even for my brave  
girl."

Leslie sighed comfortably as her  
hand snuggled into her father's  
strong clasp and her eyes closed.  
Then she opened them with a start.

"What became of the conductor?"  
she said in distress. "He wasn't,  
wasn't—" she choked at the word.

"No, he wasn't drowned," said her  
father. "Come in Mr. Thomas," he  
called softly, and the conductor who  
had been waiting outside came in.  
His arm was in a sling, but otherwise  
he was as well as ever.

"You're just another Peggy," he  
said warmly as he approached the  
bed. Then he explained that as he  
climbed out of the car he was struck  
by a floating plank which broke his  
arm and made him lose his hold.  
With the use of the other arm, however,  
he managed to keep his head  
above water until he was swept by  
the current against a freight car  
loaded with lumber, and there he  
found a foothold till the morning  
brought a rescuer. He had just come  
to the hospital to inquire about Leslie  
when she woke after her long  
delirium.

Leslie looked from one to the other  
with tears of joy in her eyes, "Now I  
can go to sleep," she said, with a  
happy smile of content.

THE END

## KUTZTOWN, PA.

Few people seem to know where  
Kutztown is so I'm going to tell you  
that we are eighteen miles north-  
west of Reading on the famous Wil-  
liam Penn Highway.

Our troop of eight members was  
organized November 29th, 1921. We  
are all students in the normal school  
—two Seniors and others Juniors and  
under classmen, so you see we have  
a good nucleus for a troop for the  
next school year. We also have a  
group of six Seniors who are ready  
to qualify for a Citizen Scout Troop.  
These girls all hope when they go  
out to teach next fall to organize  
Girl Scout troops.

On March 14th we gave a very  
interesting play "A Russian Rom-  
ance." We made \$29 and charged  
only 15c admission. People tell us  
it was the best play, both as to plot  
and acting that has ever been given  
here, and this Normal School was  
established in 1866!

Our recreation consists chiefly of  
hikes with campfire suppers and  
early morning bird hikes.

Since we are all farmers we do  
not plan any summer camping—as  
we are glad to spend our summers  
with our parents at home.

E. O. C., Capt.

## CAMP WINNAKEE

FOR GIRLS

On Mallett's Bay,  
Lake Champlain

SEVENTH YEAR

America's Beautiful "Inland Sea"

Among the pines of Vermont, where  
the air is a tonic and the very earth  
a friend—Oh, what a wonderful place  
for an outdoor summer brimming with  
fun. All land and water sports—  
Mornings of swimming, horseback rid-  
ing, basket-ball, tennis; afternoons  
of hiking, motor boating, basketry  
and jewelry making; picnic suppers  
and evenings of dancing, dramatic  
and fireside "sings." A splendid spirit  
pervades this camp. Experienced  
counselors. Trained nurse. Send for  
booklet.

MRS. WILLIAM H. BROWN

313A W. 83d St., New York City

## WETOMACHEK CAMPS FOR GIRLS

Powers Lake, Wis.

Under the management of The  
Chicago Normal School of  
Physical Education



Junior and Senior  
Camps, July and Aug-  
ust. For girls, ages 1  
to 22. A strong force  
of trained counselors.  
References required.

Write for booklet.

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good.
8. A camp atmosphere nice and homey and  
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Parents may procure bungalows near camp

**PROVISIONS NEEDED FOR OVER-NIGHT HIKE WHEN SUGGESTED MENU IS USED.  
PLANS ARE FOR  
EIGHT PERSONS**

2 cans corn.  
2 cans tomatoes.  
4 cupsful cornmeal mixed with 6 teaspoonsful baking powder.  
24 medium sized potatoes (2 each for supper, 1 each for dinner).  
8 medium sized to large onions.  
3 pounds bread (this is rather liberal but if cooks are not experienced with either flapjacks or biscuits it is comfortable to have a reserve of bread lest some flapjacks may be lost learning the trick of cooking them).  
1 pound butter.  
14 or 16 oz. jar of jam.  
½ cupful cocoa.  
3 quarts fresh milk at journey's end, or 5 cans condensed milk (2 for each meal, 1 for cooking).  
Ham, 3 pounds, cut rather thin.  
6 cupsful flour mixed with six rounded teaspoonsful baking powder.  
8 apples.  
2 pounds sugar.  
24 slices of bacon (2 each for supper, 1 each for breakfast); or 16 slices of bacon and 16 sausages.  
Save bacon fat for cooking in flapjacks and biscuits. Sausage fat will do almost as well.  
Marshmallows—at least 4 dozen.  
2 eggs or the equivalent in prepared egg (for the flapjacks).  
Small can of salt.

**FLAP JACKS**

Into a mixing bowl put  
2 tablespoonsful bacon fat.  
½ teaspoonsful salt.  
4 tablespoonsful sugar.  
2 eggs beaten with a fork till foamy.  
Mix well and very slowly add  
½ can of condensed milk.  
When well blended add  
2 cupsful water.  
4 cupsful cornmeal into which 6 teaspoonsful of baking powder has been mixed.  
Beat well.  
If too stiff to drop well add water till the dough makes a thin batter, cornmeal varies and it is almost impossible to give exact amount of meal and water. It is better to reserve about ½ cupful meal lest in adding water the batter becomes too thin. The batter should be just thick enough to drop off the spoon and spread over the pan to form a nice size batter cake.  
Drop off by spoonful on a well greased frying pan or rock which is piping hot.

Cook over a fire of hot coals—not a flame fire.

When browned around the edges, slip a pancake turner under and flap the cake over quickly, so it can brown on the other side.

Serve at once with butter and sugar. The flap jacks are excellent eaten plain. Or roll a hot one around a sausage or slice of bacon.

**SUGGESTED MENU FOR AN  
OVER-NIGHT HIKE**

For this it is supposed that all food and utensils must be carried so the menu must be of the simplest as a hike may be spoiled by a lot of unnecessary luggage. The start is made in the morning after breakfast and return is in time for the evening meal the second day.

*Luncheon*

(Either enroute or immediately on arriving in camp.)

Sandwiches toasted by a quick fire. Fruit (apples, bananas or the equivalent). Cookies or other sweets.

*Supper*

Squaw hash, baked potatoes and onions, bread, butter, cocoa. Marshmallows toasted around the fire.

*Breakfast*

Sausages (or bacon). Flapjacks served with butter and sugar. Cocoa.

*Dinner*

Fried Ham, potatoes (boiled and fried in the ham fat), stewed canned tomatoes, camp biscuit with jam, baked apples.

**BAKED BEANS**

Wash and look over 2 pounds of dried navy beans.

Put to soak in a gallon of water. The beans should soak at least 12 hours and if the kettle or jar can be spared it is better to soak them 24 hours.

At the end of the soaking period, drain off the water and wash the beans.

Put over the fire with water ample to cover.

Bring to a boil and boil five minutes.

Drain off the water, cover again and set where the beans will boil slowly for 1 hour. If the beans begin to break take from the fire at once. The boiling is meant to start the cooking and shorten the actual baking process but it must not break up the bean.

Put in the bean pot and add  
1 cupful molasses,  
1 tablespoonful salt,  
½ pound salt pork cut in diced pieces.

**Campers, Attention!**

We have at National Scout Headquarters a limited number of copies of the

**JUNIOR  
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Bound in khaki, and just the thing for that hike or camping party. Recipes for out-door dishes as well as a wealth of suggestion for your own work in Mother's kitchen.

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Mrs. JOHN G. GILFILLAN, Guardian,  
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**Watch Out!**

You are going to lose something if you do not read our **GET ACQUAINTED OFFER** on Page 28 of this issue. It contains a wonderful opportunity for you.





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When writing to Advertisers  
kindly mention THE AMERICAN GIRL

## CAMP CHOWDER

This dish is the main part of a meal; with the addition of, possibly crackers and a tasty bit of dessert, it is a complete meal. For its cooking a steady fire and a large kettle, firmly supported, will be needed.

For each person to be served prepare:

1 slice of bacon cut into 4 or 5 pieces, 1 small potato peeled and diced, 1 tablespoon onion cut fine, 1 tablespoonful other vegetable, 1 cupful milk (canned milk may be used and should be prepared according to directions on can or package), 1-4 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoonful (level) flour dissolved in part of the milk, 1 cupful water.

The camp cook should count the persons to be served and measure out the amounts of each ingredient on that basis.

Put the bacon and onion into the kettle and brown over a slow fire. Add the potato, toss lightly till slightly browned. Add salt and water. Cook slowly for 20 minutes and add vegetables. For this any vegetable on hand may be used, or any two vegetables that will combine well: Carrots, peas, corn, celery, and lima beans are all good for this use. Cook 10 minutes more and then add milk. When hot and ready to boil stir in the dissolved flour and stir till boiling point is reached. Boil three minutes. Make sure that fire is not too hot for this, as milk scorches easily. Serve at once in cups or soup plates. Toasted bread or crackers may be served with the chowder. This foundation chowder may be varied in many ways. A can of flaked fish (not cod) makes a fish chowder. Add the fish or clams with the vegetable. One can will season chowder for four persons.

Beef chowder is made by adding 1 pound of cut up beef (raw) for each 6 persons. Add beef with the bacon in the beginning of the chowder. Pork and veal also make fine chowders. A bit of parsley or finely chopped greens make a color variety. These should be added at the last minute.

This chowder has many advantages as a camp dish: one utensil for cooking an entire meal; one utensil for serving; excellent food combination—every food group except sugar is represented, and that can be supplied as a sweet for dessert; and not the least important.



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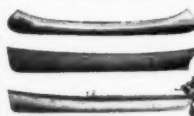
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### ATTENTION! PLAY!

(Continued on Page 9)

with her own. It was strange she so little felt joy in the thought.

Again she listened, "Joan dear, it's wonderful. I do hope you'll get it. Daddy promised to take me to the exhibition if you win. Oh, Joan, you'll do it for me?"

"Not much chance, little sister." Joan was answering her. "But I'll do my best—for you."

Louise wanted to hear no more. She turned home. She spurned the still-open algebra book and tiptoed up the front stairs to her room. She drew a low chair to the window and sat looking out across the fields to the tall fir trees of the distant hills. Once her eyes grew suspiciously moist, that might have been caused by the vision of the khaki clad Girl Scout, marching, marching at the head of a drum and bugle corps, or it might have been the image of a little girl in a wheel chair who kept constantly appearing in the midst of the other vision.

At supper, Louise was unusually quiet. Once she interrupted the conversation. "Would you care terribly, daddy and mother, if I didn't win out to-night?" Then going on before they remonstrated, "I'm sure it wouldn't be too late to get a bugle. Nearly all my crowd are buglers you know and we could practice together." Her father looked at her mother, a puzzled expression on his face. He couldn't understand his daughter. A month of excited longing and practice toward a goal—now indifference. She was beyond his comprehension.

She was also beyond the comprehension of Miss Fullerton at the try-out that night. Many rumors the Scout Captain had heard, she herself had seen Louise's prowess as a drum major. That night the girl mystified her. At her entrance she asked about the price of a bugle and bugle lessons and appeared strangely unconcerned as to the outcome of the try-out. Then, in the final test, her every motion was faulty, uncertain, even her posture was imperfect. There was a strange conflicting air about her. She seemed to be restraining her physical self from the interest and spirit which her face failed to repress. There could be only one decision. Joan was vitally interested. Joan held herself straight, unflinching. Joan was chosen drum major of Troops A and B.

If Miss Fullerton had had the far-seeing power of an oracle she might have understood. First she should have overheard the conversation when

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Louise called her mother into her room.

"Mother, I couldn't have withdrawn as late as this. It wouldn't have seemed like a real victory to Joan."

Then again Miss Fullerton should have seen with Louise's eyes, two months later, at the first public appearance of the drum and bugle corps. It was immediately after the first march the hall was still ringing from the stirring notes. There was much applause and many sounds of admiration for the whole corps and especially its quiet, efficient leader. Louise, from her place in the front rank of buglers had at last found whom she sought in the sea of faces before her. Joan's little sister was bending forward in her seat, her lips parted from surprise and wonder, her eyes, shining with joy and pride, fixed on her sister. By her side was Joan's grandfather, wearing his old blue uniform. In his face were the reawakened memories of bugle calls of long ago.

It was time for a second selection. Joan straightened. She raised her baton, "Attention! Play!" Louise, firm and sure, with a great joy surging over her, bent all her spirit and energy to the command.

THE END

## THE CAMOUFLAGE OF NATURE

(Continued from Page 18)

almost colorless and what is more he will be semi-transparent if you place him so the light can shine through him. What becomes of the color? Nobody knows.

The more you study protective color schemes in nature the more they will astonish you and very soon you will find many very mystifying things that you cannot even guess the answer to.

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Approx. head measurement	Size
20 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub> in.	6 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>
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21 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> "	7
22 "	7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub>
22 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub> "	7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>
22 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> "	7 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub>
23 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub> "	7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
23 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> "	7 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>8</sub>
23 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub> "	7 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>
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# National Supply Department

(GIRL SCOUTS)

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